The Enterprise.

VOL. 8. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903. NO. 28.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:26 A. M. Daily.
12:38 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

12:10 A. M. Daily.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	6:45	12:10
" "	—	2:33
" South	—	12:38
" "	—	6:56

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North	8:55	12:10
"	—	6:25
South	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

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Congregational Sunday School every Sunday 3 p. m. at Butchers' Hall. Old and young are alike cordially invited and will be made welcome.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK
H. W. Schaberg.....Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER
John F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

SHIPBUILDING TRUST NEEDS MONEY

Proposition to Refinance the Combination Now Under Consideration.

New York.—It is reported that the United States Shipbuilding Company will be refinanced. Charles M. Schwab, president of the steel trust, wants, it is said, to retire the whole issue of $16,000,000 bonds. President Nixon of the shipbuilding company says: "There is some basis of fact for this report. Every one of our constituent companies is doing all the work it can. We have reached the limit of our capacity, both in repairing and building. The question that confronts us, therefore, is, shall we turn away work, shall we enlarge our plants, or shall we buy new plants? We have offers of several plants, but I am not in favor of their purchase.

"Those interested in the company have other notions and at present nothing has been decided on. My estimate is that we shall need about $5,000,000 to enlarge our plants and bring them up to maximum efficiency."

Nixon said he thought Schwab controlled both the stock and the bonds of the shipbuilding company.

Rumor That British Tars Fell in Riots.

Halifax, N. S.—It is reported here that fifteen of the crew of the British second-class cruiser Pallas were killed and a number injured during the rioting at Port of Spain, Trinidad. The officials at the Admiralty refuse to confirm or deny the reports.

CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

MAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Newsy Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

Mrs. Lucy Johnson of Eureka, who killed her three-year-old daughter on March 27th last and then cut her own throat, has been declared hopelessly insane and was ordered committed to the Napa Asylum, the charge of murder against her being dropped.

C. F. Butler, an inspector employed by the Capital Telephone Company of Sacramento, while working on a pole twenty feet from the ground came in contact with a live wire. He was thrown to the ground, suffering a broken back and leg. His hands were badly burned.

Harry O'Brien was taken to the hospital at Missoula, Mont., with a bullet in his spinal column, received at Sand Point, Idaho. O'Brien was walking on the street when two men began firing and shooting. The only bullet to do any damage was that which struck O'Brien. He probably will die.

Jule David's saloon at Norman was entered by two men and eighteen bottles of whiskey and $25 were stolen. The thieves also took several dozen cans of oysters. The men deliberately ate lunch in the saloon before departing. David traced the men to within a few miles of Willows. It is believed that the officers will soon capture them.

A sad fatality occurred at Vallejo when James Peter Reilly, ordinary seaman of the Solace, 25 years old, fell from the float adjoining the southwest corner of the Georgia-street wharf and was drowned. Reilly was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Joseph Reilly of 723 Chestnut street San Francisco. His parents were notified by telephone. Reilly receives an excellent character for sobriety from the officers of the Solace.

The body of a well-dressed man was found in the Gage canal just north of High Grove, San Bernardino. About the feet was securely fastened with a wire a piece of railroad iron and the eyes were tightly bandaged with a fine linen handkerchief. The supposition is that it is a case of deliberate suicide, but the sheriff is investigating believing that the man met with foul play.

As the owners of the sugar factory at Watsonville and Salinas refused to pay the prices for beets asked by the farmers the result is that no beets are grown this year in Pajaro and the San Juan valleys. The total acreage hitherto devoted to beet raising is about 9000 acres. The farmers have planted their lands to hay, oats, wheat, etc. The result is that the Watsonville sugar factory cannot be operated this year unless beets are brought from the Salinas valley.

C. R. Wickes, a prominent citizen, and John Holmes, a well-known San Francisco insurance man, figured in a bad runaway on the road eight miles west of Willows. They were driving in a single buggy when the horse took fright and commenced running wildly along the road. Wickes jumped from the buggy and escaped with a few bruises, but Holmes was thrown out and suffered very painful injuries which will probably, however, not prove serious. The horse had to be killed.

The State camp of the National Guard of California this year will be in Eureka. The matter was settled when a telegram was sent to Major Filmer, of the First Regiment at San Francisco, informing him that the people of Eureka would gladly meet all the conditions required and were eager to weclome the soldiers. The men will be brought here on a United States transport, probably the Sherman, which is due from Manila about May 20th. The camp will last eight days.

Burglars broke into the curio store of C. E. Wood, 315 West Fourth street, Los Angeles, and carried off almost $1000 worth of goods. The thieves were deliberate in their movements, going through the stock carefully and selecting the most expensive articles that could be packed into small compass. Entrance was effected by smashing the glass in the rear door. Once inside, the burglars at once began their work, cleaning the walls and showcases of the more valuable pieces of embroideries and Mexican drawn work as they proceeded to the front.

That the physicians and boards of health of Stanford University are justified in anticipating the speedy eradication of the typhoid epidemic there seems demonstrated by the fact that no additional cases have been reported. The death list is not increased, although half a dozen patients are in a precarious condition. The days Students' Guild contributions amounted to $150, the bulk of it coming from the faculty and University officers. The guild now has funds to continue its work for a week longer, but further donatons will be necessary even though no new cases develop.

The present indications are that by August at least twenty well-boring plants will be in operation in the Kayak and Coal Oil Bay districts of Southern Alaska. Every steamer sailing for Copper river carries a large quantity of machinery and supplies for oil companies which have already secured locations. About half a dozen boring plants are now on the ground and either in operation or being set up. Seven extensive rigs have recently been shipped, and others are arriving from the Eastern states for shipment. The oil fields are so far from the base of supplies that extra pipe and apparatus are always taken. The oil properties are well located in that they contain millions of feet of merchantable timber, which will supply all the needs for building purposes for years to come.

An old mother cow at Forest Ranch near Marysville is deserving of a decoration for bravery. On Monday evening she was in a pasture with her young calf when a large mountain lion made an attack upon the little one. Notwithstanding that cattle have a deadly fear of the lion and will stampede even on the slightest indication of the presence of one of these animals, the cow not only stood her ground, but fought desperately in an attempt to keep herself between the calf and lion. The determination of her stand and the rattling of the bell on her neck so astonished and alarmed the hungry lion that he finally gave up and made his retreat into the timber. The tracks were followed but the lion was not captured. The calf was severely injured in the fight, but is receiving unusual care and will live.

SUFFERING FINNS FEEL CZAR'S POWER

Harsh Measures to Stamp Out the Last Vestige of the Spirit of Independence.

Helsingfors, Finland. — Russia is decapitating Finland, exiling its intellectual and moral leaders by a process unsurpassed in history for inhumanity. Spies infest every circle of society, and the flimsiest allegations of disaffection are followed by acts of rufflanism and confiscation. Gendarmes, led by reckless officers, descend at night on the homes of blameless citizens, maltreat their families, wreck and pillage the premises and carry off to prison whom they please. The Finnish law is suspended wherever and whenever the Czar's minions choose to suspend it. The old order and constitutional liberty are gone, and the people face alternatives of subjection to autocracy or exile.

The Judges of the high courts, whose brutal treatment at the hands of the Russian police was recently arrested, have filed a pathetic petition to the Finnish Senate with an address to the Czar enumerating the difficulties of justice as now administered in Finland.

Life Sentence for Murderer Howard.

Frankfort, Ky.—The jury in the case of James Howard, on trial for the murder of William Goebel, has just found the defendant guilty and fixed the punishment at life imprisonment. After the disagreement at 10 o'clock, the Judge ordered them to return to their room for further deliberation. This they did, reporting finally at 11 o'clock. Howard was not visibly affected by the verdict. This was Howard's third trial.

A Chicago man has shown by court records that one-fourth of the divorces are caused by the wife's bad cooking.

FRUIT CROP IS RUINED IN THE MIDDLE WEST

The Belt That Supplies a Wide Territory is Blasted by a Blizzard.

HEAVY FROST KILLS MICHIGAN PEACHES

The Stricken District Embraces Area From Rocky Mountains to Eastern New York and South Almost to Gulf of Mexico.

Chicago. — Michigan's great fruit belt, that supplies grapes, peaches, strawberries and apples to the Northern Central states all summer long, was blasted by the freezing blizzard of last week. The damage will foot up into the millions, and there will be a serious fruit famine all the season from which the people of the entire Middle West will suffer. Killing frosts from the lake regions as far south as Tennessee and Southern Missouri and light to heavy frosts in Northern Texas have ruined many crops and retarded nearly all others.

Michigan peach trees, ever the subject of solicitude in unseasonably cold weather, are believed to be seriously damaged. Ice fully an inch thick has formed on ponds in the vicinity of Benton harbor and St. Joseph, near the southern edge of the famous fruit territory in the western part of the State. The trees were just coming into bloom.

It is the general opinion of experts that the effects will not be fully apparent until after several days of fine weather have intervened, but the injury to smaller fruits and the vegetables throughout the wide area covered by the cold can be told immediately. With a temperature that went below the freezing point in Illinois and Indiana after vegetation had obtained a good start growers awoke to find that from 25 to 75 per cent of their crops had been badly damaged or killed. Strawberries, asparagus, potatoes and other products of the soil were severely dealt with from the Rocky mountains to the Atlantic coast. Cotton and corn in Oklahoma and Indian Territory will have to be replanted.

The cold was fatal to young live stock in a number of localities and not a few farmers face almost total ruin. Along the Arkansas valley the injury to crops has been great, but not less than in Northern New York, where snow fell as heavily in the Adirondacks as it did at Duluth, Minn.

Wells-Fargo Robbed by Employe in Mexico.

New York.—A cable to the Sun from Mexico City says: The fact that the Wells-Fargo Express Company was robbed of $42,000 at Silao has come to light. A small safe is usually carried from the through Mexican Central train to the office by courier. On the morning of the robbery the express messenger warned the man to be careful of the safe, telling him it contained a large sum of money. Instead of taking the safe to the office the courier took it to his home, called in a number of friends and opened it. The money was extracted and distributed. Following the discovery of the robbery in Silao about forty persons were arrested. All but about $11,000 was recovered.

To Establish Big Plant.

San Jose.—The Anderson-Barngrover Manufacturing Company has decided to establish a plant here which will give constant employment to 1000 workmen. The special business of the company is the manufacture of machinery used in the harvesting, grading and packing of fruit. To this they will add an improved grain harvester.

Turkish Coin for City of New York.

New York.—The Imperial Ottoman Bank of Constantinople closed an agreement with Controller Grout to loan the to city of New York $1,000,000 on bonds. This is the first loan ever made by a Turkish bank on New York city bonds. Controller Grout declined to make public the rate of interest, but intimated that it was low.

Hundreds Killed in Russian Riots.

Vienna.—Private letters received here from Czarnowitz say over 300 persons were killed during the recent anti-Semitic riots at Kischeneff, the capital of Bessarabia.

TO STUDY AMERICAN ECONOMICS

The Prussian Minister of Finance to Make a Tour of United States.

Berlin. — Baron von Rheinbaben, the Prussian Minister of Finance, who has left Bremen for a six weeks' tour of America, for the purpose of studying economic conditions in the United States, was formerly in charge of the Interior Department of the kingdom. His appointment as head of the finances of Prussia, some two years ago, was regarded as likely to produce much good in the industrial development of the kingdom, and he has to a marked degree carried out the prophecy. The Baron has clearly demonstrated his administrative ability and intellectual force in the management of his bureau, and has always been up to the conditions and the needs of the time.

Baron von Rheinbaben was not sent to the United States by Emperor William, but comes on his own request. His tour is, therefore, unofficial.

Injunction Stops Cooking of Onions.

Indianapolis, Ind.—The family of James Sproyer of Newcastle lives over the store of Campbell Brothers, who do a general dry goods business and carry with it a millinery business also. The Sproyer family is fond of cooked onions, and the odor prevaded the store below and proved very offensive to the merchants and their customers. Campbell Brothers brought suit for an injunction, and an order was issued by the Circuit Court forbidding the cooking of onions, and from this Sproyer appealed. The question was decided by the Appellate Court, the Court taking judicial knowledge of the fact that the odor of cooking onions is bad and affirming the judgment of the Court below.

Treasure Chest of Charles V Dug Up.

New York.—A cable to the World from Metz, Germany, says: A historic treasure of great value has just been dug up here. When Charles V besieged Metz in 1552 with a large army he had no thought of being beaten. But when he was obliged to retreat he did so in such haste that he ordered his war treasure buried. Workmen engaged in tearing down the ancient citadel of Metz the other day came across a great box, bound with iron straps and fastened with a complicated lock, bearing Charles V's coat of arms. The box weighed nearly a ton and contained a large sum of gold and a lot of splendid watches. The Emperor was an indefatigable collector of watches. The contents of the box are valued at nearly $600,000.

RUSHING WORK ON THE NEW CABLE

Line to the Philippine Islands to Be Ready Fourth of July.

Washington.—George C. Ward, vice-president of the Pacific Cable Company, is in Washington conferring with the officials of the Navy Department on matters pertaining to the completion of the line.

"The Pacific cable, now being placed by the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company, will be opened for business for the first time July 4th," said Ward. "The steamers are now on the ocean between Honolulu and Manila putting down the remainder of the cable as fast as possible. The station at Manila will be put in readiness and the first messages to come direct from the Philippines will probably pass between the President and Governor Taft on the morning of the Fourth of July."

This announcement made by Ward is the first official statement made by the company as to the time of opening the cable for use by the public. The cable was completed between San Francisco and Honolulu some months ago. Since then ships with the larger portion of the cable have been traversing the Pacific and making all possible headway.

Life Imprisonment for Murderers of Cabral.

San Jose.—Judge Lieb has confirmed the sentence imposed by the jury which fixed life imprisonment in the cases of Antone J. Lawrence and Joseph B. Rose, the murderers of Manuel Cabral, who was shot and robbed of his money and placed in front of an approaching train last December. In the case of Wilson R. Howard, convicted of the murder of Andre Sauer, sentence was continued one week in order to allow the defense to decide upon question of appeal.

UNBURIED AFTER THREE YEARS.

Through Negligence the Remains of a Journalist Are Not Cared For.

Tacoma, Wash.—The remains of Charles Watt, who died at Dawson in March, 1900, remain unburied there because his relatives and fellow lodge members at Salem and Albany, Or., have failed to interest themselves in his burial or specify what disposition shall be made of his remains. Watt went to Dawson during the Klondike rush as special correspondent of the Portland papers, dying of pneumonia thirty-eight months ago. Funeral services were held and the remains were placed in a sealed casket, which is still stored in a Dawson undertaking establishment.

According to reports received at Dawson, Watt carried an insurance of $2000 for his family and was a member of Albany Lodge, Woodmen of the World.

Bids for Lumber for Use in Philippines.

Seattle.—Major Bingham has opened bids for 10,000,000 feet of lumber to be used by the Government in the construction of shelters and barracks for the United States military forces in the Philippines. There were ten bidders, from Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco. Their figures for rough lumber ranged from $11 to $13.50 per thousand; tongue and groove lumber, from $22 to $22.50 per thousand; ceilings, $17.50 to $22 per thousand; doors, $1.65 to $1.75 each.

Turkey Will Again Buy Pork.

Washington.—Minister Leishmann cables that the prohibition of the entry of American pork into Turkey, which has been in effect for five years, has been removed, and orders have been issued permitting entry after the customary inspection.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Propietor.

Hatred is a rust on the heart.

Opportunity never hunts far to find the man.

Eccentricity is foolishness that has succeeded.

The wise man should be thankful for the fools. The contrast makes him noticeable.

The American ice trust lost money last year. Probably it had too much watered stock.

It is very hard to convince a divorced woman who has obtained big alimony that marriage is a failure.

There being little doing in the foreign office, John Bull sent in another warning to Abdul Hamid.

The race question is a serious one, but the "coon" song problem is a far more serious one and far more difficult of solution.

Some people act as though they thought the world ought to come and knock them down with a club and make them take a living.

Of the making of many books which have about as much literature quality as may be found in race track books there seems to be literally no end.

The bachelor girl who admits that she never had a chance to get married has arrived at a point where she is willing to accept pity in lieu of admiration.

Still we hesitate to take as fresh news the statement of the dressmakers that "figures are made, not born." Nature has never been guilty of making a "straight front."

London Truth says that under the influence of the American woman "society has degenerated from a polite pleasure into a profession." That was what ruined baseball.

An actress has succeeded in advertising herself in New York by whipping a dude for kicking her dog. The press agent is at a loss to understand how the news of the affair leaked out.

Most of the European military authorities have agreed that the lance is obsolete as a weapon of war and have decided not to use it hereafter. While they were about it, why didn't they also condemn the ballista, the catapult and the arquebus?

A new cure for tuberculosis consists in inoculating children with a serum as soon as possible after they are born. Is it any wonder that some parents are pondering the wisdom of bringing children into a world so full of experimentation and inoculation?

"My daughter is taking honors at the school of mines," said a charming woman recently, "and my son is in Paris learning dressmaking." Each was following a decided bent which was not to the taste of the other. There is no better reason for a choice of profession than the determination to do one's best work in the best way.

The Netherlands government, which owns more than one-half of the railways in Holland, finds itself troubled with strikes of the railway employes. It has decided to ask Parliament to pass a law forbidding the employes of the State railways to strike, and the employes have decided to strike as soon as the law is passed. This situation is interesting, and it should be instructive.

A current circulation of $30, barring a tiny fraction, for every man, woman and child in the commonwealth is probably the best showing ever made by any nation—the price of a cow or an overcoat for everybody. Its distribution is a trifle irregular, but that is like the sea's level, always in a state of disturbance and rectification. Those who haven't got their share of the $30 are not forbidden to hustle for it, and those who have more the get-rich-quick concerns stand ready to redress their balance with neatness and dispatch whenever they are so minded.

Among the interesting statistical facts contained in a late volume of the consular reports is a tabular statement of the value of Germany's trade with Venezuela. The imports into Germany from Venezuela from 1897 to 1901, inclusive, amounted to $11,685,800, about 2 per cent of Germany's total importations. These imports seem to have fallen off since 1897, when the highest figure was reached. On the other hand, the exports from Germany to Venezuela have increased, the highest figures having been reached in 1901, when they amounted to $1,666,000. While the figures indicate that Germany is increasing its business with Venezuela, they show also that the trade is small and an inconspicuous figure in the commercial records of Germany.

The number of railroad accidents that have occurred in the United States during the last few months is abnormal and it has puzzzled the country to account for them. Even the citizen who has no railroad experience can distinguish very well between an unavoidable accident and the other kind. The other kind have apparently been the more numerous. The slaughtering of human life in preventable railroad accidents is due to either incompetency or neglect. Now railroad men, or at least those trusted with the running of locomotives, are far from incompetent. They are among the finest men of the country. If they neglect their duties, when the results are generally fatal to themselves, it must be on account of physical and mental exhaustion. If they are being overworked the practice should cease. Public interest demands this imperatively, but it is hard to understand how the railroads themselves can stand the property loss that follows wrecks which can be classed as preventable.

The announcement is made by the British home office that Mrs. Florence Maybrick, now undergoing sentence of penal servitude for life for the alleged murder of her husband, will be released next year in time for her to give her personal attention to suits affecting her interests in Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia. Should Mrs. Maybrick live a year longer she will be a free woman after an imprisonment in Woking prison of fifteen years. As to the question of her guilt or innocence there will always be a division of public sentiment, though the great majority of people, both in this country and in England, believe her to be innocent, in spite of the circumstantial evidence against her. Even among those who believe her guilty undoubtedly many think a life sentence unnecessarily severe, and that fifteen years of confinement in the hardest penal institute in England is sufficient punishment for a crime which had some mitigating features about it even from the standpoint of the prosecution. It is needless to discuss the question of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt. No new point can be urged, no new facts presented. The question has been gone over in its every aspect. The pressure to secure her release has been strong and continuous. Her friends have never given up hope, notwithstanding the persistent refusal of the home office to reopen the case or to consider petitions. They are about to succeed, and when Mrs. Maybrick is out another quasi-international question will have been settled, much to the general relief.

The recent endowment by Mr. Phipps of an institution in Philadelphia for the study and treatment of consumption marks a new step forward in the crusade against tuberculosis. A consideration of the appalling loss of life from this disease, and the conviction that it is a preventable as well as a curable malady, led a number of physicians and philanthropists a few years ago to begin an organized campaign against it. The plan of the campaign is one primarily of instruction. International congresses have been held to consider ways and means not only of caring for the sick and curing the disease, but also and chiefly of diffusing a knowledge of the affection among the people at large so that, knowing its nature and the manner of its spread, they might intelligently apply the measures for its prevention. One congress held in Berlin offered a prize for a popular essay on tuberculosis and how to combat it. The prize was won by an American physician. His little book has been translated into all the leading languages of the world, and millions of copies of it have been distributed. In addition to this, many sanitariums for the care of the sick have been built or are planned. A philanthropist in England last year gave a large sum of money to be spent for the good of the people in whatever way the king might designate. His majesty decided to employ the money in the crusade against tuberculosis. Prizes were offered for plans for a sanitarium, and the building is about to be begun. Many of the States and cities of this country have hospitals for consumptives under construction or in operation. The institute to be established in Philadelphia is, however, more comprehesive in its scope than any in existence. In addition to the hospital and dispensary features it is intended to be a great teaching center for the people, that they may have a practical demonstration of the best means of fighting this deadly disease. With all these forces at work against tuberculosis the hope of ultimate victory is bright, and indeed statistics already show a relative lowering of the death-rate from the disease in many parts of the world.

Exchange of Compliments.

The village sexton, in addition to being a gravedigger, acted as a stonecutter, house repairer and furniture mover.

The local doctor, having obtained a more lucrative appointment in another county, employed the sexton to assist in his removal.

When it came to settling up accounts the doctor deducted an old contra account due by the sexton. He wrote at the same time, objecting to the charge made for removing his furniture:

"If this was steady, it would pay much better than gravedigging."

The sexton replied:

"Indade, Oi wud be glad to 'ave a steady job; gravedigging is very slack since you left."—Spare Moments.

Apt to Tip It Up.

"The United States Senator from Idaho weighs 300 pounds."

"How Idaho must quiver when he steps on it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

If a man can't help being a fool, let him be one, but no man of senes should pretend to be a fool to get the votes or "trade" of fools.

THE ANNUAL CROP OF GRADUATES PREPARES FOR COMMENCEMENT DAY

WANTED—WIVES.

Bachelor Farmers of Western Oklahoma Issue an Appeal.

A cry comes from the bachelors of western Oklahoma for wives. It comes through a letter to E. F. Jones, Angora, Day County, to the Guthrie Daily Capital, and reads:

"Dear Sir: In the last issues of your paper have appeared two items of news that have particularly interested me. The first one gave an account of a man in South Dakota who wrote to Indiana about the bachelors there who wanted to get married and were unable to, and the result of that letter. Secondly, the desire of a member of the Kansas Legislature to tax bachelors $50 a year.

"Let us look at the condition of things in western Oklahoma, where I am now living. We have here a great many bachelors who are continually being joked for remaining so. Some of these are men who are industrious and well able to suppor a wife, and would make her happy. You talk with these men, and very few, if any, like the life they are living. Then why do not they marry? Because they are unable to help themselves in this county. They want women of marriageable age—women of good, common sense—women who will make them a suitable companion, and thus enable them to better overcome the difficulties and disappointments that beset them in the great struggle for existence.

"The girls out here of marriageable age that are of any account are very few, indeed. It is almost easier to find a pin in a haystack than to find one. What is to become of the bachelors of western Oklahoma? Must they sell out or continue to live the miserable life they are at present living? A member of the Kansas Legislature would say tax them $50 a year. Would you tax a man for what he cannot help? Give them a chance to marry the right kind of women, and see if they will not readily respond to it. Then the abodes that have been formerly shunned will be shunned no more. Then the houses where people in the past have always refused to partake of hospitality will be refused no more. Then the society of a community will be infused with such new life, new joy, that even the very hills around us will break forth in anthems of praise, as they see men and women living the life that God intended they should live, when he said: 'It is not good for man to be alone.'"

THOUSANDS FOR SPAIN.

United States Now Importing Almonds from that Country.

What is regarded by government experts as a great piece of good fortune, says the Saturday Evening Post, is the importation during the last year of scions and buds of the veritable Jordan almond, obtained from Spain and brought to this country through the efforts of one of our agricultural explorers.

For a number of years past California has produced large quantities of almonds and in 1901 her output was no less than 5,500,000 pounds of these nuts, so valuable for a great variety of uses, and more especially for the manufacture of certain kinds of sweetmeats and confectionery. Nevertheless, during the same twelvemonth we were obliged to import $683,000 worth of almonds from Spain, simply because the Jordan almonds, everywhere recognized as the best, could be obtained from no other source of supply.

The California almond is a good nut, but not equal to the Jordan almond, which by reason of its large size and particularly fine shape is highly prized by confectioners. The best sugared almonds are made from Jordan almonds, which have been grown hitherto exclusively in certain districts of Spain.

Naturally the Spanish growers have not been disposed to sell or give away their stock in trade, and hence there was a good deal of difficulty in obtaining the much-desired grafts.

Recently, however, some scions and buds of the precious variety were secured and the department of agriculture is utilizing them for the purpose of reproducing the Jordan almond in this country. Properly grafted, stock will be distributed among the California growers and within a few years from the present time the Golden State will doubtless produce all of the high-grade nuts we shall require in our business.

THIS VERY UNIQUE CHAPEL IS OWNED BY A WOMAN.

One of the most remarkable chapels in the country is that owned by Mrs. E. M. Bruce, 72 years old, and ordained as a minister. The chapel is a part of her home at Malden, Mass., overlooking the sea.

There are many paintings in the chapel, all of which she made herself, and all but three windows bear paint-

MRS. BRUCE'S CHAPEL.

ings by herself. The decorations, too, she made. The chapel is full of curious memorials, representing the marriages she has performed, the deathbeds she has attended, and other events of her life.

Every day she holds a short service in the chapel, at 4:45 o'clock in the afternoon. The bell rings its invitation, and there are always worshipers.

Nice Little Love Story.

A dreamer and a man of action loved a woman.

The dreamer said: "I shall write verses in her praise; they will touch her vanity, and she will love me for them."

But the man of action said: "How old-fashioned! I shall corner the stock market, and that will bring her."

So the dreamer wrote verses, and he induced a friend of hers who ran a 10-cent magazine, to print them. And the man of action cornered something or other, and became a billionaire.

In the meantime the girl married a man who inherited his money, and lived happy ever after.

But the dreamer was so proud of his verses that he didn't care, and the man of action was so busy that he didn't care.

The only one to suffer was the man she married.—Smart Set.

The Art of a Sales Lady.

There is a peculiar art in selling goods. Some girls are born with that particular kind of tact. They are sensitive to every caprice of the customer. I suppose one kind of magnetism consists in showing genuine attention to the customer. If you are really interested in having a customer get just what she wants you have magnetism. If you fake the interest your women customers will detect it. You can deceive a man, but a woman never; and yet there are some women who like to be deceived. They know it is a fake, but they like it all the same.—Leslie's Monthly.

Some people are like a river: the only way they can attract attention is by going on a rampage.

Only after getting too much does a man realize that he has enough.

PATH MADE BY ELK.

Providential Means of Escape Furnished Snowbound Hunters.

A most adventurous story of escape from a snow blockade in the Cascade Mountains is told by G. O. Shields in his book, "Cruisings in the Cascades." The members of the party had lain in camp three days, waiting for the storm to abate; but as it continued to grow in severity, and as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew daily and hourly more alarming.

Their only hope of escape was by abandoning their horses and constructing snow-shoes which might keep them above the snow; but in this case they could carry but little bedding, and only food enough to last them on their journey to the nearest ranch.

They had already set about making snow-shoes from the skin of an elk which they had saved. One pair had been completed; and the storm having abated, one of the party set out to look over the surrounding country for the most feasible route by which to get out, and also to try if possible to find game of some kind.

He had gone about a mile when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of elk that were moving toward the east. He followed, and in a short time came up with them.

They were traveling in single file, led by a powerful old bull, who wallowed through the snow, in which only his head and neck were visible, with all the patience of a faithful old ox. The others followed him, the stronger ones in front, the weaker bringing up the rear. There were thirty-seven in the band, and by the time they had all walked in the same line they left it an open, well-beaten trail.

The hunter approached within a few yards of them. They were greatly alarmed when they saw him, and made a few bounds in various directions; but seeing that their struggles were in vain, they meekly submitted to what seemed their impending fate, and fell back in rear of their file-leader.

The hunter saw in this noble, struggling band a means of deliverance from what had threatened to be a wintry grave for him and his companions. He did not fire a shot, nor did he in any way create unnecessary alarm among the elk, but hurried back to camp and reported to his friends what he had seen.

In a moment the camp was a scene of activity and excitement. They reached the trail of the herd of elk, and following this, after nine days of tedious and painful traveling, the party arrived at a ranch, where they were able to rest and regain their strength, and whence they finally reached their homes in safety.

CIGARETTES MADE HIM BIG.

Steamship Fireman Had a Thousand Packages Under His Clothes.

Antonio Cassoba, a fireman on the steamship Mexico, was severely pained recently. Not at being put in a cell, although that caused some sad reflection. It was loss of faith in humanity, sorrow at the dousing, to speak nautically, of the light of truth as issuing from his lips. Arch-traitors had conspired against him, and his story of their fell machinations received no credence. 'Twas a sad day for truth.

Custome Inspector G. T. O'Neil, was on the pier at Wall street alongside which the Mexico lay when he saw Antonio approaching. A Samson, a Goliath, a Sandow, seemed Antonio, with bunches of gnarled muscle lumping out his clothes.

"You're a chesty guy," mused O'Neil. "That chest expansion would put Fitzsimmons or Sharkey out of business."

Then he noticed Antonio's legs, too, were those of a hercules, so much so that Antonio walked as if muscle-bound.

"Maybe he's swelling with dropsy," thought O'Neil. "Perhaps he has elephantiasis. Anyhow, he's in a bad way. I'll investigate."

O'Neil led Antonio into the customs office on the pier and began to probe the swelling. He put his hand under Antonio's shirt bosom and drew out a package of cigarettes, imported, but not in the regular way. He continued doing so until his arm ached and the pile of cigarettes had increased to 500. Antonio's trousers, too, were fertile with cigarettes. They yielded another crop of 500. As the cigarette pile grew large Antonio grew small. By eliminating the bunches O'Neill reduced him to a normal girth.

Antonio was astonished, astounded and almost asphyxiated, says the New York Tribune.

"How getta I dese?" he replied to the inspector's question. "Quien sabe? Sancta Maria! Against mia dey conspiro.

"I sleepa in mia bunko. I waka. I feela big. I hav da stamock ake. I feel dese buncha. I say go to da doc. Enamee poota dese in while I sleepa. Bimby I go. Dey say we catcha him, knocka him down, take de cigarros. Mia innocenta."

He put his hand on his heart.

"Carrambo, carrambo!" he said, fiercely.

"Begorro to limbo!" said O'Neil, grimly.

Conscientious.

"Yes, sir; that's one of our most gifted humorists. And yet, sir, he didn't make a single joke about the late George Washington on the occasion of his latest birthday anniversary."

"Indeed?"

"That's right. Ah, he's conscientious when it comes to making jokes. It took him two days and a half to find out that he couldn't think of a new one."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Orthodoxy on one side of the fence is heresy on the other side.

MADE MILLIONS IN MEAT.

Packer Swift, Who Died Recently, Father of the Refrigerator Car.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, who died in Chicago recently, left a fortune estimated at from $7,000,000 to $10,000,000.

GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT

All of this money he made in the course of forty-five years by hard work. He was born at Sandwich, on Cape Cod, Mass., June 24, 1839, of parents who had been Americans for several generations, and when he went to Chicago in 1875 he went as a genuine New England Yankee, determined to win a fortune in the great West.

Mr. Swift removed to Boston when he was less than 30 years old, where he might have a bigger field to work in. In Boston he followed his profession, but he had early seen there was something more to being a butcher than buying a hog, a steer and a sheep, cutting it up and selling it at a little profit, and he broadened his business, being careful always not to attempt anything beyond his capital and business experience.

In Boston he remained, conducting his butcher business and buying and selling hogs and cattle until he was worth $50,000. In 1875 he moved to Chicago. He had not been in the city two years until he thought the business of supplying fresh meats to the people of the country was not managed just as it should be, and his thoughts materialized in 1877 in a plan for the first refrigerating car. He thought it would be cheaper and the meat would be better if the animals were all slaughtered by those who made a business of doing that, and consequently knew better than others how to do it, and the meats, instead of live animals, were shipped to the Eastern markets. He and his scheme were laughed at. He had great difficulty in prevailing upon the railroads to help him, and his capital was not large enough at that time to enable him to build many of the cars he deemed necessary for the work.

He did a small packing business at first, but it grew rapidly, and it was not long before other men saw the advantages of his method and imitated him, and now the refrigerating cars carrying fresh meats to the people everywhere are familiar sights along all the railroad lines in the country. Mr. Swift not only was the oldest packer at the time of his death; he was the first, the originator of the method that has made many men rich.

He had never attempted to make money in any other line of business. He knew the packing business in all of its aspects, and he was content to devote all his time and energies to it. He never permitted anything to swerve him from the course he had mapped out. He first decided what he wanted and how the result could be accomplished, and then began, confident that he would be successful should he live long enough. The packing house of which he was the president and the controlling spirit has developed into a great corporation. Its employes number 22,607.

N. C. Goodwin in Tragedy.

Mr. Goodwin possesses much tragic power in that little body and powerful, well-shaped head of his. His recitation of "The Uncle" will convince anybody of that. It won for him Lawrence Barrett's regard an hour after Mr. Barrett had almost snubbed him many years ago. Mr. Booth, at a benefit, had introduced "Goodie," as he always affectionately addressed Mr. Goodwin, to Mr. Barrett, who gave Mr. Goodwin a reserved and haughty stare, and then a nod, and passed on to a box with Mr. Booth to see the rest of the performance. Then Mr. Goodwin recited "The Uncle," and won more applause than all the rest of the performers at the benefit combined. And Mr. Barrett hurried to Mr. Goodwin's dressing-room to apologize for his rudeness.—Leslie's Monthly.

Material for "Hot Stuff."

A veracious chronicler of the times of Jonathan Edwards gives figures which prove a liberal consumption of fuel in the household of the great theologian. In the winter of 1740-41 the town of Northampton supplied the Edwards parsonage with seventy-five loads of wood; in the next season eighty-two loads were delivered; for the succeeding winter the total was seventy-eight, and a year afterward the astonishing quantity of ninety-five loads was supplied. There was no lack of fire at the Edwards hearth. Is it wonderful, then, that he preached burning sermons?—New York Tribune.

Brains Cost Money.

This is the opinion of a large retail merchant on wage-earners. When an irate customer complained that the store was full of insolent chumps who did not understand the first principles of waiting on a patron he said: "If my clerks had brains enough to amount to anything they would not be working here at $7 or $8 per week."

"Why don't you hire clerks with brains?" asked the customer.

"Because brains cost more money than I can afford to pay," was the reply. "In our business we pay large salaries to slave drivers and nothing to the slaves."

A man is not held entirely blameless by the women for his wife's death unless he had at least three doctors to see her in her final sickness.

A boy isn't having a good time in his school vacation, unless he has a foot or finger tied up with bandages.

OLD FAVORITES

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large, and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp and black and long;
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school,
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from the threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
  He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
  Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
  For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
  Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
  Each burning deed and thought.
—Henry W. Longfellow.

The Gospel Train.

The gospel train is coming,
  I hear it just at hand,
I hear the car wheels moving,
  And rumbling through the land.

Get on board, children, get on board,
  children, get on board, children,
  For there's room for many a more.
Get on board, children, get on board,
  children, get on board, children,
  For there's room for many a more.

I hear the bell and whistle,
  A coming round the curve;
She's playing all her steam and power,
  And straining every nerve.

No signal from another train,
  To follow on the line,
Oh, sinner, you're forever lost,
  If once you're left behind.

This is a Christian banner
  The mottoes new and old,
Salvation and repentance
  Are burnished there in gold.

She's nearing now the station,
  Oh! sinner, don't be vain,
But come and get your ticket
  And be ready for the train.

The fare is cheap, and all can go.
  The rich and poor are there;
No second class are on the train,
  No difference in the fare.

There's Moses, Noah and Alvah,
  And all the prophets, too;
Our friends in Christ are all on board,
  Oh, what a heavenly crew!

We soon reach the station,
  Oh! how we then shall sing,
With all the heavenly army,
  We'll make the welkin ring.

We'll shout o'er all our sorrows
  And sing forevermore,
With Christ and all his army
  On that celestial shore.

"ADS" THAT ATTRACT.

Thousands of Suggestions Are Received by the Big Firms.

Of the thousands who gaze idly every day at the glaring advertisements in the tops of the street cars, there are probably very few who realize the great amount of time and money spent on the designing, manufacture, and distribution of these many-colored placards.

"Any fool can write a verse as good as that," Brown or Jones is apt to say to himself on his way home to dinner. And yet if this same critical person will only send a verse of his own composition to the people who are advertising some new breakfast foor or cleaning composition the chances are ten to one that two days later he will get it back again and see written on the back of the sheet: "Declined with thanks."

"I would be willing to wager," said a man at the head of a large advertising agency, "that I send back more manuscripts every month than any magazine in the United States. The number of people who think they can write advertisements seems to be without end; those who really can write good ones are mighty hard to find."

When advertisers once discover anybody who can do clever work either at making verses or drawing pictures, this person can command pay far out of proportion to the actual work that he does. But for every one who is able to sell his ideas at fancy prices there are hundreds of failures who do not make enough money to pay for the pens and ink with which they write. One man who does all the advertising for several large firms said to an inquiring visitor:

"It's not always the sense we want. If something silly will attract people's attention, it suits us exactly. The more idiotic a verse is the better we like it, generally."

Often a couplet, in which the lack of meter is exceeded only by the lack of sense, brings to the writer $40 or $50. A ridiculous defect, the advertisers tell you, will often be paid for handsomely, while other verses with perfect meter are returned by the score. When passengers on a surface or elevated car notice a ludicrous lack of rhythm in a verse they nudge each other, point it out, and remember the name of the article mentioned long after all correctly measured lines are forgotten. The chief reason for the refusal of such a great number of verses is that they have too much sense in them, and therefore do not appeal to the passengers' sense of humor.

Manufacturers of the various breakfast foods, cleaning compositions, medicines and numberless other articles advertised in the cars receive every day dozens of drawings and rhymes proclaiming the perfection of this or that commodity. Out of these they usually choose those that they consider best and return all the rest. Occasionally, however, a particularly clever artist or rhymester is employed solely by one firm, and does no work for any other. Any one who has displayed such noticeable talent can almost name his own price, and be pretty sure of getting it. The famous Jim Dumps posters are the work of two young women, one drawing the ridiculous pictures of Sunny Jim and the other writing the catchy verses. They, as well as the author of the well-known Spotless Town placards, are in salaried positions, and devote their entire time and energy to their specialty.—New York Times.

THE WAGNERS IN BAYREUTH.

A Marked Contract Between the Great Composer's Widow and His Son.

A visitor to Bayreuth, who allows that, technically, the Wagner operas are as well given in New York as they are in that little German city where you go to the show as you would go to mass, with downcast eyes and bated breath, finds offsets in the picturesqueness of the place, and in the fun you have in trying to get anything to eat and drink, and a place to crawl into at night. But he says it is especially worth while to see Frau Wagner striding about the opera house. She is a queen, he says; she has decision in every feature. Her father, old Liszt, was a man of a decided countenance, even his warts giving a sort of distinction to him that was not shared by his neighbors, and Frau Cosima has inherited this dignity and force of mein. She is a keen business woman; Americans would regard her as grasping, but there is so little money in the Old World that the people who hustle for it cannot take the same view of getting and keeping that is taken in our prosperous land.

She is rich, and she has the assurance of a continuance of fortune in the royalties from her husband's operas and the sale of his works. It is understood that she is opposed to the reproduction of "Parsifal" in America, at least in its complete and dramatic form, and that is the reason why, when it was given in Brooklyn, it was only as a concert, with a scenic background, and the somber knights of the grail in spike tailed coats and tin shirts. There is a remarkable contrast, says the visitor, between Wagner's widow and his son. Frau Cosima is big and bony and strenuous and commanding, while Seigfried is a popinjay sort of boy, who tries to look bigger than he is by strutting, and who has an unimpressive face and a weak chin. Still, he has a certain musical gift. It would be remarkable if he hadn't, with Wagner for a father and Liszt for a grandfather, and he has conducted an orchestra with a measure of success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Fish Ejected by Volcanoes.

The stories of dead fish thrown out by volcanoes have been revived by the recent West India catastrophes. In particular, great quantities of them are reported to have been cast into the sea from the island of St. Vincent. It is pointed out by a French expert, M. Girardin, that these fish are simply the denizens of the lakes formed in the craters during their long period of inactivity. A crater first becomes clogged, then fills with water, and the water is in time peopled with fish that find access to it through subterranean channels. When volcanic activity is resumed, the first thing that occurs is an explosion that blows the lake—water, fish, and all—into the air, and distributes it over the neighboring land and water surface.

Hypocrisy in Vegetarianism.

Now that some of the insurance companies are insuring vegetarians for less than they charge meat eaters, there will be carnivorous persons who will pose as vegetarians in order to get low rates. The companies may be driven to the employment of detectives to shadow their customers who lunch downtown and mix corned beef with cabbage.—Oklahoma State Capital.

What He Proposed.

He—Miss Workman, I'm going to propose to you——

She—Really, Mr. Phoxy, I'm sorry but——

He—That we have some ice cream——

She—Oh! I shall be delighted to——

He—Some evening when the weather gets warmer.—Philadelphia Press.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

Science and Disease.

THE warfare of science with disease is one of those ever-old and ever-new contests which have a fascination for many minds. While the training of specialists has doubtless done much to effect cures in individual cases, and while the experiments of investigators have certainly enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge respecting disease neither of these factors have contributed so much toward the control of the half-dozen more important maladies that annually slay their thousands as the gradual spread of elementary knowledge respecting disease among increasing numbers of the earth's inhabitants. The immortal Jenner has for more than a century had the credit of discovering the efficacy of vaccination and so of saving the lives of millions; yet it is probably true that he gained his knowledge of cow-pox, the method of disseminating it among human beings, and the protection it afforded against smallpox from the simple dairy folk of Gloucestershire, who had long observed it. The world owes him a debt of gratitude for spreading abroad the information he had gained, but hardly for a true discovery or generalization in science. Pasteur worked out from many contributing sources a consistent theory of germ diseases, and following his reasoning Behring and Roux perfected the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, probably the greatest contribution of pure science to the specific treatment of disease. In the case of typhoid fever, while science has done much in investigating the causes of its epidemics, only the gradual education of the public to the protection of its food and water supplies can ever put an end to its ravages. Fortunately, the public is growing more and more alive to the importance of such protection, and the death rate from typhus is decreasing. Only the cooperation of large numbers of widely scattered people can destroy the malaria-burdened mosquito; but in the case of yellow fever intelligent action by a single local health board, like that of Havana, will suffice practically to conquer the disease. Tuberculosis, again, is clearly preventable by the spread of knowledge that consumptive sputum must be disinfected; and the end of cholera infantum waits on the growth of the simple practice of sterilizing milk for infants.

In all these various directions while science has been the pioneer it remains for the slow spread of elementary knowledge among the people to work the cure.—Current Literature.

A Disappearing Race.

TWO decades ago the native population of the Esquimaux lands, Labrador, Greenland and Alaska, was 30,000. To-day the population of these countries is only 15,000—a decrease of 50 per cent. At this rate the Esquimaux will soon have vanished off the face of the earth. There is something about this evanescence of race as a totality which is more than dramatic—it is tragic. This in spite of the fact that the Eskimos are only one of the inferior divisions of the great human family. The disappearance of a distinct subdivision of humanity as a whole shows how dubious is the tenure of the earth when the question is considered with regard to the destiny of human beings in their relation to the great march of historic progress. One naturally thinks of the disappearance of the Indians in the United States as a parallel. But great as is the decline of their branch of the human commonwealth within recent years, it cannot relatively equal the losses sustained by the Esquimaux.—Buffalo Enquirer.

How the New Law Hits Bankrupts.

A MEASURE of great importance to business men and lawyers—and, indeed, to the whole community—is the bill which was signed by the President recently, and by which the bankruptcy law of 1898 was materially amended. We observe, in the first place, that by the new law preferred creditors of a person who soon afterward becomes a bankrupt are not debarred from having other claims passed upon by a failure to surrender the amount received. In pursuance of a decision of the United States Supreme Court, a preferred creditor may now retain the amount paid, provided, of course, the payment was not fraudulent, while at the same time, as regards debts unpaid, he will share the rights of other creditors. Another important amendment provides that the appointment of a receiver for an insolvent corporation shall be deemed an act of bankruptcy entitling the creditors to choose their own trustee. Among the objections to a discharge which are included in the new law is the giving of a false mercantile statement, or the proof that a voluntary bankrupt has sought to go through bankruptcy more than once in six years. The bill just enacted also adds to the list of debts from which a bankrupt cannot be relieved by a discharge in bankruptcy. Among these additions are debts to the wife and children, and alimony; also any sum due under a judicial decision to a seduced woman or for the support of an illegitimate child. We note, finally, that the list of corporations permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy will hereafter include mining corporations, and that the fees of referees and trustees are to be increased on an average of about 50 per cent of the fees hitherto allowed by law.—Harper's Weekly.

New Tendency in Immigration.

IN alluding to the fact that during the six months ending with the close of 1902, 323,641 aliens entered the United States, Commissioner Sargent, of the Immigration Bureau, points out that the great bulk of this army of newcomers promptly sought employment in the towns and cities, especially in the East, instead of spreading throughout the country and assisting to populate the farming regions of the West.

The change that has come about in this respect is marked. Formerly the majority of our immigrants came from Great Britain, Germany and Scandinavia. Those from the last two territorial divisions of Europe made their way in great numbers to the West and Northwest, where their energy and industry made them valuable factors in building up the prosperity of the agricultural Commonwealths which play such important parts in feeding the nation and producing the surplus food products which the United States send abroad to furnish means of subsistence for the masses of the Old World.

This general distribution of the immigrants was wholesome on every account, since it tended to equalize the national population. Now, however, the people who come to our shores are chiefly from Russia and the south of Europe, and their tendency to stay in the cities increases the congestion in industrial centers, while it leaves a marked scarcity of labor on the farms of the West, where, during most of the year, the demand for workers at good wages is keen and constant.

How this trend toward concentration is to be overcome is not apparent. But it is manifest that it is a much less healthful development than the former practive. It is far better that the immigrants who are now arriving in such multitudes should be distributed widely over areas where the population is comparatively scarce than that they should herd together on the Atlantic slope in "colonies" which tend to make the progress of Americanization slower and more difficult.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Increase of Crime.

THE statistics of crime as set forth in a report made to Congress by Dr. Arthur MacDonald indicate that for thirty years past crime has been increasing in the world. In spite of the progress of education and the labors of philanthropy, mental and nervous diseases, suicide, insanity, juvenile crime, and pauperism are at present increasing faster than the population. This increase, due apparently to concentration of population and increased strain on the mental apparatus of mankind, does not necessarily imply that the world is growing worse, but merely that it is changing. An increase of crime may be an incident of a development that in the long run will be salutary. Dr. MacDonald's report accompanies a bill to provide a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper and defective classes, in the hope of discovering the microbe of crime and eliminating it.—Harper's Weekly.

THE MORALS OF MANNERS.

"Now, Aunt Margaret, it is a rainy afternoon, and I want to have it out with you about my 'bad manners,' as you call them. I've been here just a week, and you have spoken to me seven times about my behavior. Here's the list, as nearly as I can remember it.

"You told me I mustn't whisper in church, even about something in the sermon. That was the first day I was here, and it wasn't a very good beginning, was it?

"Monday I talked too loudly on the street. Wednesday I was scolded for eating a chocolate bonbon in a streetcar, though I was dreadfully hungry. Then I didn't put on my gloves to go over to Hattie's, and I didn't look up from my book or rise when you and grandma came into the room. You objected to me fixing my hair at the concert last night, and this morning you criticised my eating my cream toast with a spoon instead of a fork.

"Now it seems to me, Aunt Margaret, that if I am to put my mind on all these trifles I shall think about myself from morning till night, and presently be the most self-conscious prig in the world. That would be worse than these lapses from your code of manners. Don't you really think so?"

That was Helen's case, and it was not such a bad one. Her pretty face looked very grave over it. Let us try to deal with her trouble as the wise Aunt Margaret dealt with it.

To think of one's behavior all the time is a little like thinking of one's clothes or one's eyes or one's cleverness. But underneath most of these apparently arbitrary rules lies the general law that no one shall do anything in the public eye to attract attention to herself. Loud talking, eating, toilet-making are non-social acts; that is, they ignore the claim of society that no one person shall do what would be painful and confusing if all did it at the same time.

Again, the mark of respect for age and position has a moral reason for its existence. The quick perception of the fitness of things is the mark of true breeding.

Whatever the conventional demand is—and it is substantinally the same the world over—it is based on a sense of proportion, on an unselfish wish to make life easy and pleasant for others, and on a just feeling of one's own place in the general order of the world. Gloves, forks, chairs, voice, gesture, are all to serve one end—the art of gentle living.

To think about that art—not about one's self—for one year or five years is the time spent, if one may acquire it so that at the end of the time it "comes as natural as life."

FAVORITE MODELS IN MILLINERY.

Grain from Ancient Pompeii.

As Bosco Reale, a place not far from Pompeii, there were recently unearthed some jars of grain which are considered as among the most curious and interesting of the many thousands of antiquities exhumed. More than eighteen centuries, as all the world knows, have passed since unfortunate Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed and buried beneath ashes and lava from Vesuvius. During more than seventeen centuries the herdsmen wandered with their flocks above the buried cities which had disappeared from sight, and no one knew their exact locality until some statues were exhumed by accident in 1748. In 1755 the great amphitheater was uncovered, and since then systematic exhumations have been carried on, revealing riches of which nobody had ever even dreamed. They are still going on, and not long ago a find of silverware and jewelry was purchased by Baron Rothschild for four hundred thousand francs and presented to the Louvre in Paris. It was in a court attached to one of the buildings revealed by the excavations that the series of large earthen jars was found, arranged chess-board fashion and filled with grain, just as they had been left by those who had created this curious granary nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

New Electric Road.

An Austrian engineer is working on plans for a railway from New York to Chicago upon which cars might be run at 125 miles an hour by electricity from Niagara.

A love affair that is proper and sensible isn't very entertaining, either to the parties concerned, or to the gossips.

A skunk is never really powerful until you kick it.

WHAT A SNEEZE PORTENDS.

Superstitions Which Are Associated with This Simple Act.

In almost every land, civilized and uncivilized, the act of sneezing is regarded with more or less of superstition. There is an equivalent in nearly all languages for the "God bless you of the Irish peasant when a person is moved to declare the presence of a tickling sensation in his nostrils. To this salutation in France is added sometimes the phrase "and preserve you from the fate of Tycho Brahe," who is believed to have got rid of a "death of cold" by a single sneeze—which killed him. In England a regular formula is used: "Once for a wish, twice for a kiss, three times for a letter and four times for a disappointment."

In Italy the salutation is simply "Felicita!" or "May you be fortunate!" In India it is customary when one sneezes to say, "May you live!" and the reply runs, "Long life to you!" Should a Hindu chance to sneeze while he is going through his peculiar ablution practices in the Ganges he will make a kind of sign over his face, stop in his ritual and begin all over again.

In ancient times the Romans, holding the idea that sneezing between noon and midnight was a good omen, believed that between midnight and noon it was most unlucky, and if they should chance to sneeze while getting up in the morning they would at once get into bed again. There must be something in this, especially on very cold mornings, but boys home for their holidays are not as a rule superstitious, and it might be difficult for them to impress their parents with a saving belief in this happy superstition.

The Germans say "Good health!" because they maintain, and not without reason, that sneezing is a warning of approaching cartarrh and also marks the moment when a charm, a wish or a suggestion may drive it away. The Persians go further in this idea; they say what practically amounts to "Thank God!" because they consider that the sneeze has actually driven away some evil spirit that has attempted to get into a man's body to feed upon his sacred fires.

The people of the Amazulu go even further than this into superstition and arrive at the stage of actual devil worship. No doubt they would style it "angel worship," but the things to which these so-called angels are supposed to lend themselves put that high-sounding name quite out of the question. Their uncivilized familiar spirits are said to give some sign when they are near and able to help their votaries.

Possibilities of Goat's Milk.—Believing that with a treatment of goat's milk he can accomplish the complete eradication of consumption, Dr. Robert Williams is establishing an immense goat camp in the Mogollon mountains of Arizona. Williams claims that he himself was cured of consumption by a diet of goat's milk and he has experimented on hundreds of others with similar results. The idea of the cure came to him by reading of the wonderful cures of goat lymph. He argued that if the lymph would cure locomotor ataxia, paralysis, chronic articular rheumatism and similar diseases, there must be virtue in goat milk for pulmonary affections.

Granular Eyelids.—The marked increase in the prevalence of granulated lids, or trachoma, in this country in recent years is attracting the attention of the sanitary authorities. The disease prevails chiefly in schools or wherever numbers of children are brought together in intimate relation. It is an inflammation of the conjunctiva lining the eyelids, running a slow, but obstinately progressive course, and in times including secondary changes in the cornea and conjunctiva covering the eyeball, which may seriously affect or even destroy the sight. The treatment is very difficult and can be carried out effectively only by a skilled physician, but much can be done in the way of prevention. The disease is contagious, and an entire school may speedily become infected from a single case. A child suffering from this trouble should not be allowed to attend school, and all cases which occur in institutions should be isolated as strictly as if they were cases of scarlet fever or smallpox. Above all, there must be no use of towels, soap or wash basins in common.

"Mad World, My Masters!"

Jean Cheure is a French convict who, on being dischargd recently from a Paris prison, requested that he be given another term. He could not be happy out of jail, and said he preferred being behind the bars to freedom. He gave as a reason that when in prison he was employed in kitchens, where life suited him and he grew fat.—Mexican Herald.

The average wife picks out the presents for both her kin and her husband's kin, and hers do not get the worst of it.

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop

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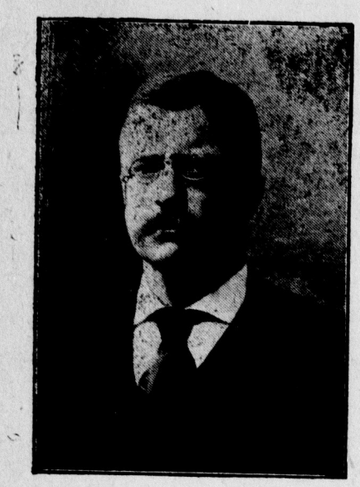

OUR WELCOME VISITOR.

The Coast Advocate-Pennant comes to us with L. D. Garwood as editor. Mr. Garwood is evidently at home in the editorial chair and maintains the reputation of the coast paper as a first-class home paper.

The old Columbia, after successfully defending the American cup in two international contests, has beaten the new American cup defender recently in a twenty minutes' race in a light wind. The Columbia may have to demonstrate once more that "Columbia is the gem of the Ocean."

Our sister town of Colma is moving for incorporation. This is a subject which concerns the good people of Colma alone and no one else. It is proposed by those who favor incorporating the town to include within the limits of the future city of Colma all the territory from the County line on the north to the southern boundaries of Holy Cross Cemetery on the south.

DEATH OF R. G. SNEATH.

On Sunday morning, May 3d, at the Palace Hotel in the City of San Francisco, after a brief illness, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, full of honors and of years, R. G. Sneath passed from life here to the life hereafter.

Richard George Sneath was born at Frederick, Maryland, March 23, 1826. At the age of 24 years Mr. Sneath came to California, reaching the Golden State in June, 1850. He engaged in general mercantile business first at Drytown in Amador county and subsequently at Sacramento and Red Bluff in this State and at Portland, Oregon, eventually removing to the City of San Francisco, where he became largely identified with the city's commercial interests and served as a member of the Board of Supervisors from 1856 to 1860.

Mr. Sneath was one of the founders of San Francisco's Merchants' Exchange, Produce Exchange, and for two years President of the Chamber of Commerce and for some time President of the Merchants' Exchange Bank.

He was the founder and owner of the magnificent dairy property near this place known as the Jersey Farm, and at the time of his death was President of the Jersey Farm Dairy Company and of the Consumers' Ice Company.

Mr. Sneath was the ideal American citizen, public spirited, generous, broad-minded, well-informed, sincere and absolutely honest.

He leaves to mourn his loss his beloved wife, Mrs. A. C. Sneath of San Francisco, his sons Geo. R. Sneath and H. J. Sneath, the former of Jersey Farm near San Bruno, the latter of San Francisco, and his daughter, Mrs. Frank Dillingham of Auckland, New Zealand.

The funeral was held at 2 o'clock of May 5th from the First Unitarian Church, corner Geary and Franklin streets, San Francisco. The death of Mr. Sneath is felt as a public loss throughout this community, and his bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of the people of the entire county.

A RUMOR THAT POOL ROOMS WILL OPEN.

It is rumored in the northern part of this county that Zeke Abrams, a well-known pool-seller, is at present engaged in fitting up quarters for a pool-selling establishment similar to those now being conducted at Sausalito. A poolroom, as is well known, is a place where money is wagered on Eastern horse races, and the percentage retained by the proprietor of the establishment is enormous. San Francisco has tabooed them, and in order to be within easy reach of the bulk of patrons who reside in San Francisco and yet be beyond the reach of the San Francisco law a location has been secured just over the line in this coutny, immediately adjacent to the San Mateo electric cars. It is said the rooms proposed to be occupied are now being fitted up, and that unless prevented by the officers the promoters of the establishment will be ready for business within a few weeks.

When spoken to regarding the matter on Monday Sheriff Mansfield said he would arrest the promoters as soon as they opened up for business.—Leader, San Mateo.

If Zeke Abrams attempts to defy the law in this county he will find he has bitten off more than he can chew up. In the mix-up which will occur we will bet our money on Joe Mansfield.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF CALIFORNIA COPPER DISTRICT.

United States Geological Survey to Plat Out California Section:

Washington, May 5.—The copper-producing district of California will again receive the attention of the United States Geological Survey. A detailed topographic map of this region will be made by A. B. Searl, topographer, who, during the summer of 1903, will take up the work of mapping an area of about forty square miles in Shasta county. All mines and prospects will be located, as well as all houses, roads, ditches, trails, etc.

The survey will embrace the Bully Hill district, in the vicinity of Copper City, Delamar and Salee, and those sections lying between and including the properties of the Iron Mountain Mining Company and the Trinity Copper Mining Company, and also the Uncle Sam, Mammoth and Summit mines.—S. F. Chronicle.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR RENT.

The Exchange Building for hotel purposes. For full particulars inquire of W. J. Martin.

That is Really Tin.

Of course British critics say that the practice of adulterating silk with tin originated in Germany. At any rate, it is common enough now.

All silk is mixed with more or less foreign matter to give it weight and stability. Vegetable substances were formerly used for the purpose. In dyeing silk the necessary boiling reduces its weight about one-fourth, taking out the natural gummy substances. The weight is sometimes restored with tannic acid. Tin is more common—most of all in cheap black silks.

Very soft "wash" silks are apt to be pure. Burn a scrap, and nothing remains but ash. A tin weighted scrap when carefully burned leaves a residuum like excessively fine wire gauze.—New York World.

Betrothal Customs.

The Scandinavian bridegroom presents to his betrothed a prayer book and many other gifts, which usually include a goose. She in turn gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he invariably wears on his wedding day. Afterward he puts it away, and under no circumstances will he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who earnestly believe not only in the resurrection of the body, but in the veritable resurrection of the betrothal shirts of such husbands as have never broken any of their marriage vows. The Swedish widower must destroy on the eve of his second marriage the bridal shirt which his first wife gave him.

Unconscious Sarcasm.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins very seriously, "I have bought you a little book as a present."

"Very kind of you."

"I hope you won't be offended, but it is something that I feel you ought to read. It is about betting."

"I don't know that I care for any sermons, even if I do lose occasionally."

"It isn't a sermon, Charley, dear. It is a little book entitled 'Poker and How to Play It.'"—Washington Star.

The Fun of It.

A young man writes to me:

"Is it proper to kiss a young lady to whom you are engaged if she says you mustn't?"

"No, sir. It is decidedly improper. That's half the fun of it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

To interest a man talk about himself; to interest a woman talk about somebody she wishes were talking to her instead of you.—New York Press.

A LYRIC.

How fair it is, the world around,
The changing life; each day's surprise,
To see the stars, the land, the sea,
To look into your eyes.

To hear the ecstasy of morn,
The birds in field and wood rejoice,
The madrigals of wind and trees,
To listen to your voice.

To feel the warm, firm, throbbing life,
The friendly hands our fingers press,
The strong, true work in which we share,
To feel your soft caress.

How fair it is, the world around,
How wonderful and sweet the past,
That knows its ecstasy and work,
That knows your loving heart.
—New York Herald.

His First Faux Pas

HARRY HATCH was one of those handsome chivalrous, rollicking, harmless fellows whom everybody likes—especially the women. He had been best man at more fashionable weddings than any man in town. But thirty years old, he was already godfather to a score of cherubic children of "chums" and young women who once laughed and gloried in his unselfish companionship. Harry knew how to make love without going too far. His jokes never miscarried. He was everybody's friend and everybody was his. He was "not a knocker" among men, and he had the "confidence" of all the set. His wit was proverbial, and his jokes, practical or conversational, were the envy of the men and the delight of the women. He seemed to be absolutely impartial in his gallantry. Rich or poor, plain or pulchritudinous, every woman seemed to be a queen in his eyes, and as esquire to any or all of them, he was a unanimous "hit."

Though they never said so, there were many elderly men of his acquaintance who thought, however, that Harry would "never amount to much." He was too vacillating, too reckless, too merry to "cut any ice." Women with marriageable daughters never took him seriously because, they said, he "had nothing." And he was poor. A clerkship in a bank sufficed to enable him to twinkle merrily at receptions and even shine at the head of cotillons. He danced like a faun, laughed like Momus, sang and played like a troubadour. A vote of the women who knew him would have established his preeminent popularity, but—none of them could think of him as an "eligible parti." The dullest man of his class never thought of him as a possible rival in love. In a word, he was a delightful trifler, a butterfly of mankind, a blue-eyed, yellow curled, dancing, laughing failure. Of course, he didn't seem to care a rap, such men never do, and so it was all right.

HARRY KNEW HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

It was his good fortune never to come into contract with other men till Stephen Hatch, his cousin, came back from college, a swarthy, eye-glassed, serious, saturnine young man, rich in his own right, ambitious, hypercritical, with a patronizing, superior attitude toward women, and a tolerant, deprecating air with him. Here, indeed, was a personage whom all women must regard and all men consider. And they did so, all except Harry, to whom he appeared casually as a mere incident in the general scheme of enjoying life. Harry put up jokes on him, laughed at him, made all the nice girls "acquainted" with him, and in time saw him devote his luminously morbid mind and ample means to the wooing of Dorothy Carr, the fairest, most amiable, most loyal and enthusiastic of Harry's many "girl friends." As a matter, of course, when the engagement was announced Harry was mentioned as leading man. Stephen had no "particular objection," but Dorothy would hear of no other.

It was some time afterward, just while his cousin was in the absorbing throes of autenuptial business, that Harry Hatch met Dorothy quite by chance in the corridor of the Albemarle Hotel.

"The very man I wanted to see," she laughed. "You must take me to lunch, Harry. Stephen will be down on the two o'clock boat to take me to the matinee and I want to have a tete-a-tete with you anyhow. It may be our last chance, you know, Harry!"

And so they got into a snug little corner of the cafe and chatted and laughed till the conversation turned upon the tiresome preliminaries of weddings, and Dorothy said she thought the "funniest thing" about it all was getting the license, and seeing one's name in the paper. And she said that Stephen was worried to death about the license, thought it was undignified and vulgar to have to go into a public place and bandy his name and hers and pass money for a common document such as peddlers, teamsters and others might get for a paltry dollar. But Harry laughed and said that he would regard it as a proud privilege to be able to ask for and get a license to marry any good woman, but that if her (Dorothy's) name was to appear on the document side by side with his he would consider his glory supreme and perfect, etc. And they laughed as she quizzed him about how he would go about it, and laughed again when he "dared" her to go with him right then and there to get a license.

"Come on, Dotty," he urged. "It'll be a new experience. I know the clerk and he'll cancel the thing for me and keep it out of the papers and when you see it done you can tell Steve how easy it is and how proud I was. Come, let's try it."

And they laughed some more and, I think, the waiter brought in a little silver pail with beads of icy water upon it and a golden, green bottle-neck peeping out of the ice, but anyway they marched across to the city hall and, she blushing and tittering, and he quite ridiculously solemn looking, they asked for, and paid for, and got a license, and went back to the hotel bubbling with enjoyment of Harry's latest "joke." Stephen was waiting for them, very impatient and important, and Dorothy thrust the folded license into her bosom and with a quick warning to Harry went away with her fiance to the theater.

Then Harry went back to the marriage license desk and called the clerk aside so that he could explain the joke, and that, of course, he didn't want the license at all, and that it mustn't get into the papers.

"I just thought I'd come and tell you to make sure the reporters don't find it out. We're going to tear up the license, and—"

"But it's too late, Mr. Hatch," said the clerk, "the afternoon papers have got the names already. These lists are public property, and, anyhow, the license is issued, is out and is bona fide, until you bring it back."

"Then I must bring it back to be canceled!" exclaimed Harry, and not waiting for more than a nod, he darted off toward the theater where, he knew, Dorothy and Stephen were attending the matinee. He didn't find them, missed them in the crowd later, and when he went rushing to her house at dinner time, found her mother in tears and the house in a bedlam. The reporters had been there! The story of the license was "out." Harry rushed back, pell-mell to the newspaper offices to have it "stopped," but when he got out of the carriage and bought the late editions of the evening papers, the sotry was there, looming black, sensational and prominent. "All about the sensation in high society." Harry read it over and—grinned "That won't do a thing but put a crimp in Steve!" he muttered.

He pleaded with city editors and insisted that the whole business was a joke. They promised to do their best for him, and intervewed him and sent reporters to interview Stephen. It was an awful mess! Harry, out of breath and anxious to pacify the Carrs, hastened back to Dorothy's home to find confusion worse confounded. Stephen had been there in a towering rage. He had scolded Dorothy, read a lecture to old Mrs. Carr, cursed Harry and left in a sullen "huff." Dorothy's mother glowered at poor Harry and then burst into tears.

"That for your jokes, you mischief-maker!" she screamed at him when he tried to explain, and then, for the first time in his life Harry Hatch was abashed, disconcerted, ashamed.

But Dorothy, too, was in a passion. Not at Harry, but at Stephen. She even forgot her proverbial filial respect, and when her mother resumed her tirade at the scape-grace, said with shrill vehemence:

"Stop! How dare you scold him? What is it after all but a tempest in a teapot! A few paragraphs of silly sensationalism in the newspapers. It might have been a source of fun for anybody but an owl-faced blockhead like Stephen Hatch. I wouldn't marry him now if he had all the money in the world, I'm of age and the whole thing was my doing, and I'm glad of it. So there!"

And she and Harry walked away into the garden silently, but very confidentally. Mrs. Carr didn't speak to Dorothy till the very day of her marriage to Harry, but old man Carr, "Dad" as Dorothy called him, who liked the scape-grace and finally convinced "mama" that he'd rather have Dot married to a good Indian like Harry than to a coupon-clipping, joss-like Stephen, fixed up matters to adroitly that the wedding turned out to be the swellest, happiest, most promising affair that even the practical joker himself had ever "assisted at."

"You're all right," said papa, when the bride and groom were going away, "you're all right, but—well, that was a—— of a joke—on Steve!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wanted Bacon and Greens.

"Loody here," said Brother Dickey to a backsliding member of his flock, who had imbibed too freely, "don't you want ter go ter heaven?"

"Yes, suh—I sho' does!"

"Well, you know dey lives on milk en honey up dar—plenty er milk en honey all de time!"

The backsliding brother was silent a moment. Then he said:

"Only trouble 'bout milk en honey is—hit never did agree wid my stomach!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Philadelphia man earns a living by going around and waking people up at stated hours each morning. He is said to be doing a rousing business.

MAXIMS OF SUCCESS.

The truest wisdom is a resolute determination.—Napoleon I.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.—James A. Garfield.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and pursuit is the quality of attention.—Charles Dickens.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Never don't do nothin' which isn't your fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin' around in the kanawl, figuratively speakin'.—Artemus Ward.

I never did anything worth doing by accident. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy while away from it until it is finished.—Thomas A. Edison.

Never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sydney Smith.

Linguistic Instinct.

The strength of the linguistic instinct in children is shown by the remarkable shifts they will make to find forms of expression for their perception or feelings. An examination of these shifts will show that the energy of the child manifests itself along precisely the same lines as have been taken by the languages of the races of mankind toward their ultimate forms. Thus, lacking the word "wide," a little one said, "Open the door loud," extending the meaning of the word "loud" precisely as we do when we apply it colloquially to colors.

ORIGIN OF OLD SAYINGS.

The Honeymoon.—For thirty days after a wedding the ancient Teutons had a custom of drinking a mead made of honey.

The Bridegroom.—In primitive times the newly wedded man had to wait upon his bride and the guests on his wedding day. He was their groom.

Sirloin of Beef.—King Charles I., being greatly pleased with a roast loin of beef set before him, declared it "good enough to be knighted." It has ever since been called Sir Loin.

A Spinster.—Women were prohibited from marrying in olden times until they had spun a full set of bed furnishings on the spinning wheel; hence, till married, they were spinsters.

Cabal.—This word was coined in Charles II.'s reign and applied to his cabinet council. It was made out of the initials of their names, which were Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, Lauderdale.

The Polyglot Menu.

La Montt—It is quite an innovation for that cafe proprietor to have his menu in English, French and Latin.

La Moyne—It's economy. When an English dish is left over, he gives it a French name and if it is still around on the third day he changes it to Latin.—Philadelphia Record.

Had Done His Best.

"I don't know why it is," said the indignant taxpayer who had been trying in vain to have his assessment reduced, "but I can't even get a hearing."

"Perhaps," suggested his friend, "you don't stand in with the officeholders."

"I stand in line an hour or two every day, if that's what you mean, and it doesn't do a bit of good."—Chicago Tribune.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS. **Ladies and Children Free.**

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT FOR THE

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.

...AGENT...

HAMBURG-BREMEN,

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker, Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

Patsy McCormick left on Friday for Chicago.

The second Plymire cottage is nearing completion.

Born, in this town, May 1st, to the wife of N. B. Inman, a daughter.

The force on the road was largely reduced on the first of the month.

J. H. Burchard of San Francisco paid this place a visit Wednesday.

Frank Bastien is repainting and renovating the interior of the Armour Hotel.

District Attorney Hon. Jos. J. Bullock paid this town a visit on official business Tuesday.

Jack Debenedetti left for Halfmoon Bay Tuesday where, he will spend a week's vacation.

San Mateo, city of the lovely climate and elegant homes, has a mosquito war on hand.

A. L. Worley Esq., attorney-at-law of San Francisco, was in town on legal business Tuesday.

Frank McMahon, formerly deputy constable of this township, paid old friends here a visit on Monday.

T. J. McMullen has moved from the F. A. Martin cottage into the cottage just completed by Dr. Plymire.

Born, at the "Real Thing," on San Bruno Road, Sunday, May 3d, to the wife of W. R. Markt, a daughter.

Mrs. F. O. Clawson and children moved to Mountain View last week, where they will make their future home. Mr. Clawson will still remain here.

R. Gollnik is reported as slightly improving. Mr. Gollnik left the German Hospital Tuesday and is at present located at Adams' Springs, Lake county.

The proposition of extending the boundary of Redwood City was carried by a large majority. Property valued at $250,000 is included in the new addition.

Louis Hoelscher was convicted by a jury in the Justice's Court Tuesday upon the charge of disturbing the peace and judgment will be rendered on Tuesday next.

On May 30th, Memorial Day, a grand racing tournament will be held at Mr. Clarke's track near San Mateo, for the benefit of the San Mateo Athletic Club building fund. The programme is a good one.

Redwood City will hold a floral exhibition on the 14th, 15th and 16th of May. Several prizes have been offered, one of which is to the child making the best display of wild flowers on Saturday, May 16th, children's day.

Alonzo Lee Hudgens, the original discoverer of the Tonopah gold and silver mines, has recently moved into the Dunphy cottage at Milbrae, where he and his family will reside at least during the summer.—Times, San Mateo.

Miss Vera Vallejo, who has been sojourning in South San Francisco for the past few weeks, returned home Saturday, bringing her congenial friend, Miss Annie McGregory with her to spend a few days.—Coast Advocate-Pennant.

On account of President Roosevelt's visit to San Francisco the Southern Pacific Company will sell excursion tickets from this place to San Francisco and return for the price of fifty cents the round trip. Tickets are good going May 12, 13, and 14, and return on May 15. A. Keller, agent.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

A birthday party was given last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Lacau in honor of their three-year-old daughter Alice. Among the guests present were the Messrs. B. and L. Betman and wives of Berkeley and Mr. and Mrs. V. Majouran of San Francisco.

Fred Nichols, who has been employed in the S. P. freight sheds at this place for the past year, was transferred Monday to Oceana, Cal., where he has accepted a position as operator. M. F. Gates of Burlingame has taken the place vacated by Fred.

W. L. Stevens, formerly of Colma, has leased the Swanton House at Pescadero for a term of five years, and took possession on May 1st. He called this week and made the acquaintance of the Times and the impression made here is that he is an energetic business man, who will make things fairly hum at Pescadero.—Times, San Mateo.

The residence of James Crowe at Redwood City was entered by burglars Sunday night and the rooms on the lower floor ransacked. A purse containing about $30 was taken, and the safe in Mr. Crowe's office was opened. It contained a number of valuable gold watches, but none were taken. The members of the family were asleep upstairs during the robbery and knew nothing of it until after the burglars had fled.—Leader, San Mateo.

On Friday night of last week the cottage of Dr. Plymire, now under construction, was broken into by some one and tools to the value of twenty-five dollars belonging to J. L. Wood were carried away. Friday night a young man having a lot of tools in his possesion was arrested on the streets of San Francisco by the police. The young man admitted having taken the tools from this place. A warrant was issued upon the charge of burglary and the young fellow was brought to this place by Constable Carroll and when brought into court admitted having entered the building and taken the tools and gave his true name as Henry A. Clark. He was held to answer before the Superior Court and was taken to the county jail at Redwood City, where he awaits trial.

SENATOR BYRNE'S CONDITION SERIOUS.

Last evening the condition of Senator James P. Byrnes was unchanged, although at times during yesterday he appeared bright and cheerful. The physicians, however, hold out little hope of his recovery. The prayer of every member of the community is that he will ultimately recover. Possessed of a wonderful constitution, he is making a great battle, although his age and the complicated nature of his illness is against him. During his convalescence last week he took cold which brought on a relapse.—Leader, San Mateo.

DR. MARION THRASHER EXONERATED.

Dr. Marion Thrasher's case, in which it was alleged he sold a baby, came up in Judge Cabanis' Court Tuesday, May 5th, in San Francisco, was dismissed by the Judge, who said there was not a particle of evidence to prove that Dr. Thrasher was guilty. Dr. Wm. F. McNutt, Dr. Jno. M. Williamson, President of the Board of Health, and Dr. Jerome Anderson, one of the charter framers—three of the most prominent physicians in San Francisco, were in the court to testify in behalf of Dr. Thrasher—but as there was no evidence against him, their testimony was not required. Thus ended a sensational newspaper story.

COUNTY BOARD IN SESSION

Official Business Transacted By the Supervisors at Monday's Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the Supervisors Monday all of the members were present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and found correct, after which the following report was read and ordered filed:

To your Honorable, the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County:—I herewith submit my regular monthly report:

The past month has been one of unusual activity for the Health officer of your county; not owing to sickness or nuisance in San Mateo county, but due to an epidemic of typhoid fever in Palo Alto, Santa Clara county. This epidemic is supposedly due to infection from milk. One of the dairy ranches supplying that city with milk was located in this county and was suspected by the Palo Alto board of health as being a source of infection, and I was asked by that board to make an investigation of this ranch.

On April 2, 1903, in company with the secretary of the Palo Alto board of health, I visited this ranch, it being owned by Mr. P. Faber and conducted by Mr. J. E. Parriera, and located just in San Mateo county on the creek forming the boundary line of these counties and about four miles back of the University.

As a result of this inspection, I found the water which was being used for cooling the milk and for washing the cans was taken from the creek, which water was contaminated by drainage from a hog sty and privy about three hundred yards above the milk house. This water was unfit for use, as after proven by bacteriological examination, and accordingly I at once on my first visit ordered that the use of this water supply be discontinued at once. I found that they could obtain water from a spring situated on a hill, at which I deemed a sufficient elevation above the corral to be free from contamination.

The secretary of the board of health of Palo Alto informed me that said board had some days previous to my visit taken samples of milk and water from this place for examination and volunteered to furnish me with a report of this examination. Failing to receive a report on these samples and learning through the public press that the milk supply from this ranch had been shut off from Palo Alto, and that this milk was being sold in San Francisco and that the whole supply of milk of our county was under suspicion and in danger of being quarantined from San Francisco, I on April 21st again visited this ranch and took samples of creek and spring water, as well as samples of milk for bacteriological examination, the said examination to be paid for by Mr. Faber.

These samples were taken by me to St. Winifred's sanitarium and examined and found to be free from typhoid germs. The creek water contained bacillus coli communis and was thus proven unfit for use, although it did not contain typhoid germs.

On April 23d I again visited this ranch in company with Dr. Hassler, chief sanitary inspector of San Francisco, and he took samples of milk and water which he submitted to the bacteriologist for the Board of Health of San Francisco, for examination. This examination also proved the absence of typhoid germs in either sample.

I made an investigation to learn if typhoid fever now existed or had existed on or near this ranch, and found that although numerous people drank water from the creek and milk from the ranch, no case of typhoid now or had existed in the vicinity; therefore, I hold that the germs must have come from elsewhere than from this ranch in San Mateo county.

I have ordered that several corrections be made on this ranch in order to put it in good sanitary condition.

Owing to a threatened quarantine of the milk supply of this county, and while waiting for a bacteriological report on samples submitted, I have visited most of the dairies of this county preparatory to issuing certificates of health to all of those which were found to be in a sanitary condition. As a result of such inspection will say that I found most of the dairies in a very good sanitary condition, but with few exceptions they needed to do a little repairing, and accordingly I instructed them to make such improvements as I deemed necessary, and I hope that in the near future all will be in good sanitary condition.

At this time I think it no more than right to suggest that your honorable board enact an ordinance governing the sanitary condition of milk ranches, as I have seen such to be very necessary at such time as this, and believe that such an ordinance would meet with the general approval of milkmen, as well as the majority of people of the county, and would save the state legislating in the matter and thus taking it out of the local control.

During the month several nuisances in several parts of the county have been reported and investigated by me and all have been adjusted satisfactorily.

Four cases of variola were reported on Menlo Heights. The same were visited by me and quarantined. Yours respectfully,

H. G. PLYMIRE, M. D.,
Health officer San Mateo county.

The following liquor dealers whose applications were before the board were granted licenses for a year:

First Township—A. Morgano, Colma; bondsmen, Gus Jalinsky and John Luhrs. H. J. Vandenbos, South San Francisco; bondsmen, John Shirck and W. Rehberg. V. Bianchi, South San Francisco; bondsmen, John Brandrup and W. Rehberg.

Third Township—Thomas Fitzgerald, Menlo Park; bondsmen, D. E. O'Keefe and C. D. Hayward.

Fourth Township—P. P. Quinlan, Halfmoon Bay; bondsmen, M. Sullivan and P. F. McGovern.

The following liquor dealers gave notice of intention to apply for licenses at the first meeting in June:

First Township — W. F. Bailey, Eleven Mile house; Richard Harder, South San Francisco; C. McAuliffe, Colma; John Murray, Nine-mile house.

Fourth Township—Joseph Debenedetti, Halfmoon Bay; C. P. Mosconi, Purissima.

A communication was received from the San Francisco Bulletin offering the board space in a souvenir G. A. R. edition shortly to be published by that paper. The communication was received and placed on file.

A letter read from the clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Santa Clara county inviting the board to attend a joint meeting of the Supervisors of Santa Clara and San Mateo counties to be held in San Jose May 6th to discuss the building of a road into the Big Basin. On motion of McCracken, seconded by Debenedetti, the entire board was authorized to attend the meeting.

During the afternoon session Mr. Dodge of Dodge & Dolliver, the successful architects of the proposed court house, informed the board that the work of preparing detail drawings for the building was progressing as rapidly as possible and he expected to be able to submit complete plans to the board by June 1st, at which time a call for bids might be published. He was of the opinion that the work could be in the hands of the contractors by the first meeting in July.

McCracken presented and moved the adoption of a resolution authorizing the transfer of $3000 from the general road fund to be equally divided between the Fourth and Fifth townships.

On the roll call McEvoy wanted to know if the two townhips named would claim their pro rata of the balance of the fund on its final apportionment. Both Debenedetti and McCracken stated that they certainly would, and defended their position with the assertion that the fund was created for the use of impoverished districts and their districts were in an impoverished condition on account of the large amount of emergency work that was made necessary by the storms of the past winter.

After some further discussion the resolution was finally adopted, McEvoy voting no.

Debenedetti stated that he had been advised by the County Surveyor that a concrete arch would be more economical than the proposed wooden bridge near Amesport landing in his district. He had tested the ground and found a suitable foundation for a structure of that character.

On motion of McEvoy N. Hansen of Woodside was appointed superintendent of the concrete bridge about to be constructed by Clark & Henery near Neuman's at a salary of $2 per day, to be paid out of the third district road fund.

On motion of McEvoy the clerk was directed to advertise for bids for publishing the delinquent tax list, bids to be received at the first meeting in June.

List of claims allowed:

FIRST ROAD FUND.

L F Morrissey	$120 00
J J Selicani	40 00
O E Hartzell	45 00
Charles Barbeau	37 00
Joe Padrose	64 00
Geo Furrer	88 00
Geo Furrer	46 00
Mrs. James Kerr	26 00
E Valencia	44 00
Peter Berer	20 00
Geo Gouzenes	52 00
Mrs. Quinn	44 00
A Jenevein	24 00
P McCormick	10 00
Chas Greis	39 00
J Carmody	87 50
J Carmody	94 00
J Mori	30 00
H Carby	35 00
Chas Drews	22 00
Ira Myers	38 00
J Massott	35 00
P Drum	18 00
J McLaughlin	35 00
Wm LaGrande	6 00
J McMahon	14 00
Walter Fahey, Jr	40 00
Walter Fahey, Jr	32 00
J J Selicani	54 00
J J Fahey	121 00
P H Morrissey	89 00
A Bissett	23 00
M McShutt	70 00
John Brandrup	36 00
J O'Brien	8 85
John Peters	30 00
John Peters	8 00
P McCormick	17 00
J Pearson	35 00
J Wallace	34 00
J McGrath	70 00
E Furrer	40 00
J Leavy	20 00
C Johnson	90 00
D McSweeney	21 00
E Hickey	62 00
F Minor	21 00
W Rehberg	119 00
J Quan	110 00
M LaGrande	45 00
J Todt	21 00
S Parkinson	35 00
Steiger Pottery Works	13 50
Gilinsky & Benossini	92 75
Gilinsky & Benossini	60 70
	15 95

FIRST ROAD FUND—SPECIAL.

E McMahon	$ 8 00
Geo Dreisse	10 00
T D Aschorn	8 00
Charles Dean	59 00
J Viccari	21 00
M F Fortido	6 00
W B Robbins	34 00
T D Aschorn	6 00
Ed Haynes	19 00
M Flynn	14 00
J F Reynolds	31 00
E McMahon	13 00
John Kennedy	27 00
Wm Prince	12 00
Gus Lorrains	9 00
John Ryan	20 00
J Griffin	27 00
V Simonoff	20 00
P O'Malley	20 00
B S Green	60 00
B S Green	110 00
P H Morrisey	42 00
P E Morrisey	44 00
P E Morrisey	48 00
S Mori	70 00
A Mori	31 00
M F Fahey	37 00
M F Fahey	45 60
Wm Fahey	39 00
Walter Fahey	84 00
Walter Fahey	117 00
A Machado	4 00
Deere Implement Co	43 50
James McWilliams	17 00
M Whalen	12 00
Chas Erickson	12 00
Wm Hoypy	81 00
Thomas Hayes	14 00
D E Neville	34 00
J H Cusber	2 00
H Jensen	6 00
J Dugan	2 00
Chas O'Connor	34 00
Ed McDermott	8 50
P E Gillogley	59 00
Chas O'Connor	14 00
Chas O'Connor	41 00
Ed McDermott	28 00
Ed McDermott	2 00
M Raab	90 00
M Foley	44 00
M Foley	60 00
L F Morrisey	3 00

Adjourned to Monday, May 18th.

RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The April water rate must be paid on or before the last day of April. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of April and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced. *

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are more plentiful and selling at easier prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at easier prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at easier prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products higher.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ ℔ (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½; 2d quality, 8½@9c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7½@8c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6¾@7¼c; Thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 ℔s, 7@7¼c; over 250 to 300 ℔s, 7c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5; hogs weighing under 140 ℔s, 7@7⅛c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 ℔s. and under, 4¼@4¾c; Ewes, 3¾@4¼c. Spring Lambs, 5@5½c; shorn Sheep, ½c. less.

CALVES—Under 250 ℔s, alive, gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 ℔s, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 8@8¼c; second quality, 7½@7¾c; first quality cows and heifers, 7@7½c; second quality, 6½ @ 7c; third quality, 5½ @ 6c.

VEAL—Large, 8@8½c; medium, 9@9½c; small, good, 10@11c; common, 7½@8c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8½@9c; light, 9@9½c: Heavy Ewes, 8 @ 8½c; Light Ewes, 8½ @ 9c; Suckling Lambs No. 1, 10@11c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 10¼@11c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¼ @ 15½c; picnic hams, 9¼@10c; Atlanta ham, 11c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 17c; light S. C. bacon, 16½c; med. bacon, clear, 12½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13@13½c; clear, light bacon, 15c; clear ex. light bacon, 15½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $. . . . ; do, hf-bbl, ... ; Family Beef, bbl, $. . . . ; hf-bbl, ... ; Extra Mess, bbl, $. . . . ; do, hf-bbl, ...

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12½c; do, light, 12¼c; do, Bellies, . . . @ 12¾c; Extra Clear, bbls., $22.00 hf-bbls., $11.25, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls. $5.25; do, kits, ...

LARD—Prices are ₱ ℔:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8	8¼	8¼	8⅜	8¾	8⅞
Cal. pure	12	12¼	12¼	12⅜	12¾	12⅞

In 3-℔ tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-℔ tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

H. G. Plymire, M. D.

SURGEON, W. M. CO.

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Call, see it, and sample the good things, and you will come again.
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Redwood City, Cal.

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Tickle your best One by purchasing a bottle of PERFUME or buy your mother a bottle of
"Jeromes' Hair Restorative" for Fifty Cents.
AYRES & COMPANY

HEARD BY AN OLD MAN.

Here in my easy chair I sit,
  An old, old man before the fire,
Deaf to all sounds of every day
  And dead to every past desire.

Perhaps the failing outward sense
  Quickens the spirit's inner ear,
For sitting here before the fire
  You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.

All this long afternoon I heard
  The brook in the old orchard sing
Just as it used to, on the farm,
  When first the grass grew green in spring.

You know that gurgling, gladsome noise—
  The voice of water wild with glee
When it has burst its icy bond
  And finds itself alert and free.

The birds, too, in the beech-tree grove,
  I hear them, as in days of yore
When I went forth at break of day,
  Call through the sunrise hush once more.

And that one bird that nested high—
  I thought she had a silver throat—
A trickle of clear melody,
  It thrills me oft, her slender note.

My mother's voice, too—oh, so plain
  It calls across the fading light:
"Come, children, time to leave your play;
  Come in the house, 'tis almost night!"

Sometimes when you have left the room,
  And I alone am sitting here,
I speak the answer right out loud,
  "Yes, yes, I'm coming, mother dear!"

Then there's one song comes back to me,
  Your mother sang it, my dear wife,
A slender girl dressed all in white,
  First time I saw her in my life.

She used to carol like a bird—
  'Tis an old-fashioned song, I know,
But day by day I hear her still
  Singing, "John Anderson, my Jo."

I sometimes think that when I go
  To join her in the angel throng
Her voice, above the heav'nly hymn
  Will rise once more in that loved song.

An old, old man—and common speech
  But seldom reaches my dulled ear;
Yet sitting here before the fire
  You'd scarce believe the sounds I hear.
—Youth's Companion.

HERR JAN KUBELIK AND HIS FIANCEE COUNTESS MARIANNE CSAKY-SZELL.

Kubelik's romantic engagement to the Hungarian countess, who is declared to be the most beautiful woman of her country, continues to form the subject of articles in European newspapers, and periodicals, and many stories are told of the intense devotion of the couple to each other.

A TALE OF A SALE.

MRS. MASON is what we call in in our village "a character," and as such I dearly love a chat with her when she is in the humor to be drawn out. The other afternoon I called to remind her of the annual rummage sale. She is a regular purchaser, but priding herself on possession of a judicial mind, she does not feel at all called upon to approve in the abstract of institutions in whose benefits she is quite ready to participate.

"Roomage sales? I don't hold with 'em! I call it a-nisultin' of the Almighty, the gentry offering Him their cast-off clothes and what not!" she said tartly. "Teck my word for 't, the gentry gets their fun out o' them sales same as bazars, and times they gets the best bargains, too."

"I don't see how that can be," I said; "the gentry don't buy at rummage sales."

"Don't they?" she chuckled. "Much you know about it. The best bargain ever I seed was got at a rummage sale. Sit 'ee down, and donnut fidget wi' yer chair, and I'll tell 'ee how it cum about. 'Twas worth half-a-sovereign to me.

"I was a slip of a girl, in sarvice at Squoire Hargreaves, at the hall. Well, they had a guverness there for the children; a tall, handsome lass she was, as proud as if she was a duchess.

"Her father had been what they call a millionaire, but he lost all his money, and the daughter, who had been to college and was a great schollard, went out to help earn a living for the family. Before that she'd been engaged to be married, but it was broken off when her father lost his money.

"Well, one day I was cleaning the outside windows of the schoolroom when Mrs. Hargreaves comes in, and, 'Miss Alwyn,' says she, 'I want you to help the vicar's daughter, Miss Rogers, at the roomage sale.' So Miss Alwyn said she would.

"On the days of the sale, Mary, the housemaid, told me she'd asked Miss Alwyn for any of her old things to send to the parish hall. Miss Alwyn just looked up, and said:

"'Very well, Mary, you can take what's hanging on the end peg in my room; I have nothing else I could spare."

"There was a pink frock as fitted Mary and a lavender muslin gown.

"'Mary,' I said, 'there's a mistake. Miss Alwyn's always kept that put by so careful in her drawer, with sprigs of rosemary between; she don't mean that.'

"But Mary wouldn't listen. She'd set her heart on the lavender gown and took it down to the parish hall herself, for we two servants had a holiday for the afternoon.

"Mary took the dresses to Miss Rogers' stall and got them priced. She bought the pink one, but the lavender was too dear. 'I can't think,' says Miss Rogers, 'how anyone comes to send it. It's quite a Parisian creation.'

"There was a Mr. Bartram as was staying with the vicar standing by, and he laughed. 'Let's see the creation,' he said; and then he looked startled. 'Where did that come from?' he says, shortlike; and Miss Rogers said, 'from Mrs. Hargreaves.' 'Hargreaves! I don't know such a name! But it is—it must be the same gown!' he muttered. Then I knew that he was Miss Alwyn's former young gentleman and what Mary had done.

"Mr. Bartram tried to turn off all the seriousness of the joke. 'Look here!' he says, 'that's too smart a gown for your village folk. In the interests of parochial morality, I want to buy it!'

"So he paid the price and went off without seeing the other stalls.

"Presently Miss Rogers, as was keeping the stall, wanted to go away for something, and asked me to keep an eye on things. Miss Alwan had sold her lot, and came round to see how we was gettin' on.

"In a moment she catches sight of the gown, and—'Oh!' she cries. 'My lavender dress! How came that here? I must have it back; there has been a mistake!' So I told Mary, miss,' says I; 'but now it's sold.' 'Sold!' she cries, with her face as white as my apron. 'No matter, I will buy it again. How much was given?' 'Two sovereigns,' says I. She seemed a bit set back at that, but she pulled out her purse. 'Fortunately I have as much,' she said. 'Make it right for me, Betty.' And not staying for a 'By your leave!' she catches up the gown and offs with it hanging over her arm. I ran after her to wrap it up, but, lor' bless you! she never took no heed. So I came back to the stall. Mr. Bartram had returned. 'I've come for my bargain,' says he, smiling it. 'Oh, sir,' says I, 'Miss Rogers left me in charge of her stall and I've sold it!' 'Sold it?' said he. 'But it was sold! I bought it!' 'I'm very sorry, sir,' says I; 'but the young lady as is governess at Mrs. Hargreaves took it and left this for you,' and I showed him the money. 'But I don't understand. Why is she so anxious for it?' he says. 'Well, you see, 'twas her dress, and only sent by mistake,' I answered back. 'Her dress—Mrs. Hargreaves' governess! What is her name?' he asks. 'Miss Clarice Alwyn,' says I. And I could have laughed out loud, for with that he was off and away down the lane and all the folks looking after him.

"They were leaning on the stile leading to 'squire's fields, and the gown had fallen between them. As I came near I heard him say, 'And you wrote the letter because your father lost his money?' 'Of course I did. How could I keep you bound to a beggar?' she made answer. 'And I thought it was because you didn't love me!' he cried. 'Oh, Robert, how could you!' she said. And with that they looked up and saw me. I dropped a curtesy. Miss Alwyn blushed. 'Please'm, you've dropped your frock,' says I, demure-like. And at that Mr. Bartram laughs quite hearty. 'Betty,' says he, 'I see you've guessed the story. Here's half a sovereign. Run along, and tell Mrs. Hargreaves Miss Alwyn's found a bargain at the rummage sale, and won't be back to tea.'"—New York Daily News.

Sure to Come Later.

Doctor—I think you understand fully now the directions for these medicines, and this is for your dyspepsia.

Patient—Why, I haven't dyspepsia, doctor.

Doctor—Oh, I know, but you will have it when you have taken those other medicines.—Tid-Bits.

Wearing Noisy Clothes.

Hurleigh—How did you ever happen to pick out such a suit of clothes?

Burleigh—Oh, I just went it blind.

Hurleigh—And deaf?—Judge.

No Lineal Descendant.

Of the twenty-five men who have been President of the United States ten have to-day no descendants.

"THIRD STORY BACK" COMEDY.

How One Boarder Managed to Pay Her Room Rent.

The man with the bald spot at the back of his head was reading aloud from the reflections of Marcus Aurelius. The landlady told him to shut up.

"It's all very nice," she said, "but I don't feel like listening to it to-day."

The bald man closed the book over his index finger, which he generally uses for a book mark.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I have been imposed upon again," said the landlady. 'The lady in the third-story back room is the guilty party this time."

The bald man said he was surprised

"She seems to be a very nice woman," he said. 'She is very popular."

"Exceedingly so," said the landlady, in acrid tones. "It is through her popularity that she imposed upon me. Day after day streams of people have called to see her. They were all women, and many of them came with bundles. There was one woman—the short one with the scar on her chin—who came regularly every morning about 9 o'clock. All day long I could hear a sewing machine running at full gait in there, and I thought the third-floor woman must be getting ready to get married, she was having so many clothes made. But the clothes were not hers. I found out about them this morning. They belong to the woman who came here with the bundles, and the short woman with the scar has been making them on the third-floor woman's machine. The short woman has actually paid rent for the room and the machine at the rate of $2 or $3 a week, but not a cent of compensation have I had for the wear and tear on my carpet, on my door bell, and on my servants.

"I have just been upstairs putting a stop to it. If the short woman wants to sew in my house, why doesn't she rent a room from me outright, instead of sneaking in on the pretense of visiting a friend? Without doubt that was the most high-handed arrangement I ever came across. I have heard of tenants in lodging houses carrying on all kinds of business in their own rooms, but I never before heard of sub-letting a third story back cupboard for enough money to pay the first rent."—New York Times.

1,750,000 Children at Work.

The factories, the mines, the workshops, and the great mercantile establishments of our country teem with the labor of children, says W. S. Waudby in an article on Child Labor in Leslie's. Some of them are of the age required by the laws of the State, but innumerable thousands are much below the limit these statutory laws provide for, and far, far below the limit which the laws of nature demand. There are few branches of our great industrial life which are not overcrowded with child labor. I have been informed by William C. Hunt, chief statistician for population, that the report of the census office for the year 1900, when issued, will show that for the mainland of the United States, excluding Alaska and Hawaii, there were, approximately, one million seven hundred and fifty thousand persons from 10 to 15 years of age, inclusive, reported as engaged in gainful occupations.

The bigger the town the revivalist is from, the greater the distinction in being converted by him.

The average mother is very fond of saying, "I can do without myself, but I won't deny the children."

BITS FOR BOOKWORMS

A new and revised edition of Stephen Paget's "Experiments on Animals," with an introduction by Lord Lister, is published by the Messrs. Putnam.

J. A. Hammerton, of London, is about to publish a volume of Stevensoniana, to consist of extracts from magazines and other periodicals relating to Stevenson.

It has become known that Andrew C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), who recently died on his farm in Rockland County, was the "J. P. M." whose striking essays and books have had a large popularity in these later years.

Ralph Fletcher Seymour is the publisher of "Ceres and Persephone," a child play by Miss Maud Menefee. The Demeter myth is retold for children in simple lyrical dialogue and Mr. Lang's translation of the "Hymn to Demeter" is appended..

Of middle height, white-haired and ruddy-faced, Jules Verne looks like a sea captain who is spending the autumn of a well-filled life on shore. Although 74 years old, suffering from cataract and lame in one leg, the old gentleman is hearty of manner and brightly interested in all the world's doings.

Prof. John Ward Stimson's long expected work on art and the philosophy of beauty, "The Gate Beautiful," is at last announced for early publication by Albert Brandt, of Trenton, N. J. It will be a quarto of 420 pages and is to contain several thousand illustrations and two color charts, one being printed in twenty-four colors.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, author of "Lyrics of Lowly Life," "Poems of Cabin and Field," etc., has just read the proofs of a new volume of poems which will be a companion to his "Lyrics of Lowly Life" and "Lyrics of the Hearthside." For the most part it is made up of dialect pieces and will bear the title "Lyrics of Love and Laughter."

It is said that the novel by John D. Barry entitled "A Daughter of Thespis," which L. C. Page & Co. have in press, is one of the few accurate stories of American stage conditions that has ever been written. Mr. Barry's stories of theatrical life have already been highly praised by the reviewers, among others by William Archer, the leading dramatic critic of England.

Miss Mary Johnston's new romantic love story, "Sir Mortimer," will follow Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" in Harper's Magazine. The scenes of the story are laid in England at the court of Queen Elizabeth and on the sea. The heroine is a celebrated beauty who is lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, while the hero is a gallant officer in her Majesty's miniature navy.

"David Harum" has passed into its one hundred and first edition, which Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. issued immediately after the holidays. In the matter of popularity expressed in numbers it now takes first rank in American fiction, "Ben-Hur" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" being its only rivals. The book's first century of editions was celebrated in October last with an issue of 10,000 copies, printed on a special paper in a special binding. It was entirely disposed of by Dec. 1, completing a total sale of 666,000 copies. The new edition will appear in the family yellow cover, with full-page illustrations by Clinehurst.

He Needed Clothes.

A Western Senator brought to the Capitol a good story about Minister Bowen, which the minister himself recently told at a dinner.

"I was asked some days after I arrived here in Washington," said Mr. Bowen, "why I had stuck so closely to my rooms at the hotel and not showed myself around town.

"The only reply was a rather painful one, but, nevertheless, fully truthful. It was because I hadn't the clothes."

Thereupon Mr. Bowen told how he had been commissioned to hasten North suddenly and without opportunity to provide himself with the heavier wearing apparel necessary for residence in a cold climate. As soon as he reached town he put a local tailor to work upon an outfit.

The hardship of the situation was that Mr. Bowen had ordered some raiment from London, and this was coming across the Atlantic in a British bottom, which was one of the very first ships to be held up by the blockading fleet of the allies. There was no help for it, and Mr. Bowen's London clothes, such as are necessary for proper appearance in polite society, are still somewhere in South America. He had reason, therefore, for being personally grateful when the blockade was raised and his clothes had an opportunity to go forward to Caracas.—Washington Post.

London Sunday Newspapers.

They have started a Sunday newspaper in London. It is of the strictly religious order, however, and it offers a bottle of water from the River Jordan to every person who subscribes for six copies. The water is guaranteed genuine, having been dipped out and bottled under the direct supervision of the leading citizens of Jericho and Bethlehem.

The people do not give any man the right to buy a second horse if he has poor kin who are still walking.

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor.
A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.
Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.
At 6 months old
35 DOSES – 35 CENTS
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A SMALL LIBRARY.

The Principle of Selection on Which It Should Be Based.

I think that a limit of three books will usually allow a very fair representation of a novelist. For instance, Thackeray is very fairly represented by "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond" and "Pendennis" and Dickens by "Pickwick," "David Copperfield" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." Walter Scott would not suffer by one choosing "Ivanhoe," "The Bride of Lammermoor" and "The Heart of Midlothian." "Tom Jones" would suffice for Fielding and "Pride and Prejudice" for Jane Austen, "The Mill on the Floss" for George Eliot and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" for George Meredith. Taking only the great outstanding figures, Tolstoi need only be present with "Anna Karenina" and "War and Peace" and Emile Zola with, say, "Drink" and "The Dream." "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte-Christo" would suffice for Alexandre Dumas and "Les Miserables" and "Notre Dame de Paris" for Victor Hugo. It is harder to say of the vast mountain range of Balzac on what particular peaks our choice should fall, but probably here again the most popular books will prove the most typical—"Le Pere Goriot," "Eugenie Grandet" and "The Ass' Skin."

I am not, it must be understood, making a list of books "without which," as the booksellers say, "no gentleman's library is complete." I am only taking a few standard authors for the purpose of illustrating a principle of selection which must perforce operate in a small library. If our library does not or cannot contain the best books, it must certainly contain some of them, and, however idiosyncratic of its owner, it must bear the stamp of a general distinction.—Richard Le Gallienne in Success.

A Reward and a Fine.

A few years ago, owing to the serious depredations of rat catchers on the banks of the Thames, the authorities were compelled to issue notice boards offering a reward of £5 for information, payable on conviction of the offender. Not many days after the notice appeared an Irishman was caught and, being brought before the magistrate, was ordered to pay a fine and costs amounting altogether to £2. Not having the needful, Pat went into retirement at the expense of the country. The next morning, however, another son of Erin appeared at the prison and, paying the fine, liberated his friend. The governor, having been in the court on the previous day, recognized the "liberator" as the principal witness against the accused. This puzzled him, and he asked for an explanation.

"Well," said Pat, "it's loike this, sorr: Tim and myself were hard up, and, seeing the notice, Tim agreed to be caught. I gave information against him, and this morning I drawed the money, and, now ye're paid, we've £3 left to start the world with."—London Answers.

Hotel Bills In England.

The author of "Portugal Old and New" finds fault with English hotel keepers for using a printed form of bill on which the plain requirements of a simple traveler are lost amid a multitude of items. The result is that when a guest pays for a day's and a night's lodging he is positively almost ashamed at finding due registry of his having wanted neither liquors nor stationery nor warm baths nor douche baths nor shower baths nor pots of jam nor the hotel hairdresser and is apt to reflect what a poor shuffling impostor of a guest he is to have had so few requirements.

Cruel Perversion.

She—Do you recall the day we were married?

He—I wish to gracious I could!—Yonkers Statesman.

THE SALT IN THE SEA.

Some Interesting Observations on One of Nature's Wonders.

The very fact that the waters of oceans are salty is a wonder within itself. That such is the case everybody knows, but why? Rivers are not salt, neither are some of the very largest of inland seas, yet one school of scientists will tell you that these same seas (lakes) are the remains of what was once a universal ocean, that there was once an upheaval of the land and that all the waters settled in basins except that which drained off. If this is a fact, why are these lakes or seas now fresh? Don't tell me, says an investigator, that it is because they have been evaporating through the long centuries and that the vacancy has been supplied by fresh waters from rivers. Great Salt lake is no less salty now than it was 3,000 years ago and probably a great deal more so.

The water of the Caribbean sea is dense compared with that of the Atlantic in the vicinity of the Cape Verde islands, the proportion being eleven to twenty-one. Why is this? It is certainly a fact that they are both of one body of water. The variety of saline matter found in all sea water is universally the same. There is another fact which should be mentioned while we are classifying sea water—that is this: When the saltness of oceans is referred to, it must not be understood as being the table salt of commerce (chloride of sodium), for there are many other salts in the solution. Expert hydrographers tell us that there are enough of these various salts held in suspension in the waters of the oceans to cover the whole landed surface of the globe to a depth of 1,500 feet—in other words, that there is 60,000,000,000,000,000 tons so held in suspension! The sea is salt by reason of the earth washings which are poured into it.

A Bath at Tiflis.

To take a bath at Tiflis is to court a wonderful experience. Abundant springs of water, strongly impregnated with sulphureted hydrogen, supply the building, and in its vaulted chambers, far below the street, there is no sound but the splash of the fountain and the rolling echo of one's own voice. Henry Norman gives a description of the masseur who presides over the bath and makes its most eccentric feature.

"He is a Persian, who speaks but a word or two of Russian. His head is shaved, a rag is twisted round his waist, and his feet are dyed orange.

"First he rubs you, and then suddenly, as you lie face downward on the marble slab, he is upon your back, his feet dug into your spine, his hands grasping your shoulders, to increase the pressure. Slowly, with skillful appreciation of every muscle, his feet grind up and down your back. They encircle your neck. They are on your head.

"Then he vaults lightly off, and in a moment from a linen bag filled with soap he has squeezed clouds of perfumed bubbles, and you are hidden in them from head to foot as completely as if you had fallen into a snowdrift. You are not absolutely bruised, but you are clean."

The site for the president's palace, as the first maps name it, was selected by President Washington and Major L'Enfant when they laid out the federal city in 1792. They proposed to have the president's house and the capitol reciprocally close to the long vista formed by Pennsylvania avenue, and they also laid out a parklike connection between the two great buildings. The plans for the house, selected by Washington and Jefferson as the result of a competition in which L'Enfant took part, were drawn by James Hoban, native of Dublin and a medal man o the Society of Arts of that city.—Charles Moore in Century.

"Pe-ru-na Saved My Life,"

Writes Mrs. W. McRoberts.

Women Made Strong and Happy Mothers.

Catarrh of the Pelvic Organs is a Frequent Cause of Barrenness.

Pe-ru-na Eradicates Catarrh from the System.

TO the woman of ancient Israel not to become a mother was regarded as the greatest of earthly calamities. To become a mother—more especially the mother of a strong, healthy boy—was the height of glory for the faithful woman of the good old Bible days. Even now, when maternity is not esteemed as of yore, the mother of healthy children is an object of admiration, and sometimes envy, by her neighbors. As compared with ancient peoples, the average American woman has a low appreciation of motherhood. There are, however, a great many exceptions to this statement.

The accompanying letters from grateful women who have been made strong, healthy and happy mothers need no added words of ours to make them convincing. Catarrh had weakened and impaired their entire systems. Peruna made them sound and well.

"I Do All My Housework and Take Care of My Baby and I Feel So Good."

A YOUNN MOTHER'S LETTER.

Mrs. W. McRoberts, writes to Dr. Hartman, from Delano, Miss., the following:

Delano, Miss.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:

"Dear Sir:—I feel perfectly well of catarrh. I did as you directed me to and took Peruna and Manalin. The third of March I gave birth to a 10-pound baby girl and we are both well and happy. I am very thankful to you, and Peruna saved my life. I recommend it to everyone and can't praise it enough.

"I send you my own and my baby's picture. She is so sweet and good—she is a Peruna baby. I have such good health now. I do all my housework and take care of my baby, and feel so good.

"There are three or four of my neighbors using Peruna now, since it did me so much good. They were just run down, and they think it is fine. It is so good to give strength."—Mrs. W. McRoberts.

Mrs. L. M. Griffith, Arco, Idaho, writes:

"Your medicine did me a wonderful amount of good. It cured me of barrenness. I am 30 years old and never had any children; but since beginning your medicine I gave birth to a 10-pound baby girl. She is now six months old and weighs 25 pounds. My friends were all surprised. Some would not believe it until they came to see me.

"My husband says he never saw such a change in any one as there was in me after I had taken three or four bottles of Peruna. I am stronger than I have been since I was quite young. God bless you and your medicine forever. I can not tell you all. My letter is too long already; but I will say Peruna cured me. I never saw or heard of anything half so good. I can never thank you enough for your kindness. In cases of la gripe it works like a charm. It cured my baby when other medicines failed. She was real bad with la grippe."—Mrs. L. M. Griffith.

Mrs. E. E. Thomas, Alpha, Mo., writes:

"I have used your Peruna and Manalin. I had been doctoring for several years, but kept getting worse. One day a neighbor woman brought me your book, the "Ills of Life," and wanted me to take your medicine. I told her that I had given up all hope of ever getting well. I had tried so much medicine. My neighbors thought I was nearly dead with consumption.

"Finally I concluded that I would make a last trial. So my husband got me a bottle of Peruna and Manalin. I commenced taking them according to directions. That was two years ago. A year ago last November I gave birth to a 10-pound baby boy, who is well and hearty; and I am doing my own housework. I can never give Peruna too great praise. I think it is the best medicine I ever heard of."—Mrs. E. E. Thomas.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Nothing looks quite as dilapidated as a tilted monument in a cemetery.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

The man with the loudest voice usually has the least business ability.

Perfection in all things is desirable. O. K. Cutter Whisky comes nearer perfection than any other brand. A. P. Hotaling & Co., 429 Jackson St., San Francisco, Cal.

Usually you furnish your enemy the club with which he beats you.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Some men play to the grand stand, and do not accomplish much.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

Americans buy more books than any other nation.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The only time all men are equal are at the cradle and the grave.

The sum of happiness increases with the decrease of fear. The user of "Old Gilt Edge Whisky" fears not ill health, nor inclement weather. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., 320 Clay St., S. F.

See how pleasant you can make the meal hour and see then how little you will know of indigestion.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When Writing to Advertisers . . . Please Mention This Paper

S. F. N. P. U. No. 19, 1903.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

Too many parents think that to govern a child they must scold and nag. A few firm words from a smiling countenance gains love and respect.

Liszt at Seventy-five.

Even at seventy-five Liszt was a pianist whose powers lay beyond the pale to which sober language or calm criticism could reach or be applied. Enough that its greatest charm seemed to me to lie in a perfectly divine touch and in a tone more remarkable for exquisitely musical quality than volume or dynamic force aided by a technique still incomparably brilliant and superb. —Hermann Klein in Century.

Transcaucasia.

Transcaucasia grows almost every known grain in the world. The forests of the Caucasian mountain range produce saffron, madder, oak, walnut and boxwood lumber, while apples, pears and grapes grow wild in these forests to such an extent that they are exported in large quantities. The wine of Caucasia is also exported, and the cotton of the country is second only to that of Egypt.

The nobest being on earth is the man or woman that cheers and aids little children who are struggling in poverty and who are trying to rise in life.

DRINK NO MORE

Treat the drink or drug habit as a disease, which it really is, and you can effect a positive cure.

The KEELEY Treatment

has been doing this for twenty-five years. Descriptive matter and information sent free in plain envelope.

The KEELEY INSTITUTE
1170 Market St., Donohoe Bldg., San Francisco.

Thunderstorms.

Thunderstorms are more frequent in Java than in any other part of the world, there being an average of ninety-seven days in each year upon which they occur. Next to Java comes Sumatra, which never has less than eighty-six "thunder days" per year. Then come Hindustan with 56, Borneo with 54, the African Gold Coast with 52 and the region around Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, with 51. The European list is headed by Italy, with 38 thunder days out of the 365 on an average. Austria has 23; Baden, Wurttemberg and Hungary each average 22; Silesia, Bavaria and Belgium have 21; Holland and Saxony 18; France, Austria and south Russia 16; Great Britain and Switzerland only 7. At Cairo, Egypt, and in north Russia and in Sweden and Norway the average is only 4 per year. In Finland and east Turkestan thunderstorms are wholly unknown.

They Did.

"Do minstrels take in this town?" inquired the advance agent of the Colossal Black Cork troupe.

"Well, the last that were here did," responded the innkeeper sourly.—Chicago News.

You cannot tell by the size of a man's home the size of his happiness.—Talmage.

Tired Out

"I was very poorly and could hardly get about the house. I was tired out all the time. Then I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it only took two bottles to make me feel perfectly well."—Mrs. N. S. Swinney, Princeton, Mo.

Tired when you go to bed, tired when you get up, tired all the time. Why? Your blood is impure, that's the reason. You are living on the border line of nerve exhaustion. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and be quickly cured. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

Follow This Recipe and You Will Have One Complete.

The classical garden, like a sonnet, is governed by special laws of harmony and rhythm. It must have its five hills, its ten trees and its fourteen stones. You can get along without the hills, and you can get along without the trees, but you cannot get along without stones. Indeed the perfect type of the flat garden is nothing but an archipelago of rocks in a sea of white pebbles. The stones must be the foundation; the rest are mere accessories. Speaking stones are what is wanted—stones that suggest moods and passions—for the Japanese recognize that there are sermons in stones. Each stone has its name and relative place in the composition. There is the guardian stone in the center and opposite it the belleview stone. Across the cascade is the moonshade stone and so on.

The hills unmask each other by rule. The principal hill has its two foothills, its spur hills, its distant peak, seen through a valley, and the low hill that must stand on the opposite side of the lake.

As there are a principal stone and a principal hill, so must there be a "principal tree," the shojin boku, around which the Tree of Perfection, the Tree of Evil, the Tree of the Setting Sun, the Tree of Science and the Tree of Solitude bow their lesser heads.

These are the essentials. Now, add one pond, one island, two stone lanterns, three bridges and mix thoroughly, garnish with lotus and serve with goldfish and mandarin duck. There is a recipe for a Japanese garden.—William Verbeck in Country Life.

How Sheridan Paid a Debt.

No one knew better the power possessed by a really polished compliment than Sheridan, and on innumerable occasions during that rather stormy theatrical management of his did he extricate himself from a difficulty by means of one. A good instance is the following: An English nobleman who, after the manner of other of his peers, had married a beautiful actress once applied with much dignity in the greenroom to Mr. Sheridan for the arrears of her salary and vowed that he would not stir till they were paid. "My dear lord," said the impecunious manager, "this is too bad. You have taken from us the brightest jewel in the world, and you now quarrel with us for the little dust she has left behind her." The nobleman immediately burst out laughing, and over a bottle of wine the debt was canceled.—London Standard.

In Russia the manufacture of playing cards is an imperial monopoly. In 1848 14,000 packs were issued daily, but the demand was so much in excess of this that a petition was addressed to the czar praying for a still more liberal supply. Among the card devotees the Russian soldiers are conspicuous. They commonly carry packs in their pockets, but when there is an actual call to arms and they prepare themselves for the battlefield they make it a point to get rid of all their cards. This is due to a superstition amounting to conviction, which leads them to believe that to retain them upon their persons at such a time would be to court grave disaster.

Eruptions

Dry, moist, scaly tetter, all forms of eczema or salt rheum, pimples and other cutaneous eruptions proceed from humors, either inherited, or acquired through defective digestion and assimilation.

To treat these eruptions with drying medicines is dangerous.

The thing to do is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Which thoroughly cleanse the blood, expelling all humors and building up the whole system. They cure

Hood's Sarsaparilla permanently cured J. G. Hines, Franks, Ill., of eczema, from which he had suffered for some time; and Miss Alvina Wolter, Box 212, Algona, Wis., of pimples on her face and back and chafed skin on her body, by which she had been greatly troubled. There are more testimonials in favor of Hood's than can be published.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Fish That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which perhaps is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl or walk or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long upturned snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes and could not serve for swimming at all.

Other examples of nonswimming fishes include the sea horse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen, and the starfish.

Small Bits of Gold.

Gold is so very tenacious that a piece of it drawn into wire one-twentieth of an inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 500 pounds without breaking. Its malleability is so great that a single grain may be divided into 2,000,000 parts and a cubic inch into 9,523,809,529 parts, each of which may be distinctly seen by the naked eye.

Bromo-Seltzer

Promptly cures all

Headaches

This Trade Mark appears on Cooking Stoves of highest merit. The

"Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind"

make no smoke, smell, soot, dirt, ashes or excessive heat. Save time, work and worry. Economical and safe and always ready. Can be moved from room to room. Cooking and baking can be done on the "Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" as readily as on any coal stove; but quicker, with more comfort and in a Klean, Kool Kitchen. Sold at good stove stores. *Ask to see the Trade Mark.*

We do not wish to complain, but girl children are beginning to demand at a younger age than ever that men tip their hats to them.

HOTEL NETHERLAND

18 Turk St., San Francisco.

Newest and most central in city, one block from Theatres, 250 light rooms, steam heat, electric lights and telephone in every room. best moderate priced Hotel on Pacific Coast. Rates reasonable. European plan. Take Market Street car to Turk St.

An educated person is better armed for the battle of life than his neighbor who is not educated.

BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR For 25c. we will send a prescription which when properly compounded is guaranteed to cure Malaria, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles, or *any other disease.* Or we will send five prescriptions for $1.00. These are standard prescriptions and used by the most eminent medical men of the world. Send at once. Have them when needed.

WESTERN PRESCRIPTION COMPANY
R. 48, 320 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Improve your health by drinking Miller's Milwaukee Beer. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

A HORSE AT THE SHOW.

Story of a Ribbon Winning From an Equine Viewpoint.

One of the popular features of the annual horse show in New York is the squad of park police horses that is always entered. The winning of a blue ribbon by one of these police horses is told in "Horses Nine," by Sewell Ford, from the viewpoint of the horse. The author says:

So it happened that one morning Skipper heard the sergeant tell Reddy that he had been detailed for the horse show squad. Reddy had saluted and said nothing at the time, but when they were once out on post he told Skipper all about it.

"Sure an' it's app'arin' before all the swells in town ye'll be, me b'y. Phat do ye think of that, eh? An' mebbe ye'll be gettin' a blue ribbon, Skipper, me lad, an' mebbe Mr. Patrick Martin will have a roundsman's berth an' chevrons on his sleeves afore the year's out."

The horse show was all that Reddy had promised, and more. The light almost dazzled Skipper. The sounds and the smells confused him, but he felt Reddy on his back, heard him chirrup softly and soon felt at ease on the tanbark.

Then there was a great crash of noise, and Skipper, with some fifty of his friends on the force, began to move around the circle. First it was fours abreast, then by twos, and then a rush to troop front, when, in a long line, they swept around as if they had been harnessed to a beam by traces of equal length.

After some more evolutions a half dozen were picked out and put through their paces. Skipper was one of these. Then three of the six were sent to join the rest of the squad. Only Skipper and two others remained in the center of the ring. Men in queer clothes, wearing tall, black hats, showing much white shirt front and carrying long whips, came and looked them over carefully.

Skipper showed these men how he could waltz in time to the music, and the people who banked the circle as far up as Skipper could see shouted and clapped their hands until it seemed as if a thunderstorm had broken loose. At last one of the men in tall hats tied a blue ribbon on Skipper's bridle.

When Reddy got him into the stable, he fed him four big red apples, one after the other. Next day Skipper knew that he was a famous horse. Reddy showed him their pictures in the paper.

"My wife and I," says a traveling man, "were once in a hotel where we couldn't get any boiling water. After we had discussed the situation my wife asked me if I had an envelope in my satchel. I got one out, when she told me to fill it with water and hold it over the gas jet. I hesitated, but finally did it and expected to see the envelope blaze up every minute. But it didn't blaze. The envelope took on a little soot, but that was all. The water boiled in time, and the envelope was as good as ever when the experiment was at an end. I don't know the chemistry of the process, but try it yourself and see if it will not work."

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"You relish them, my master?" asked the slave.

The vizier shrugged his shoulders. "These fruits are sweet—for the moment," he said, "but show me a fruit the sweetness of which will endure even unto the judgment day."

"Such fruits there are, my master," cried the slave and hastened toward the Meschet Husa, where he awoke the starving orphans in the house of Aliwin and led them forth and into the room of his master. Overjoyed, the famished children devoured the fruits.

"Look, oh, my master," said the slave. Here you see fruits the sweetness of which endures unto the judgment day."—New York Press.

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South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

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